

ROLLING STONE

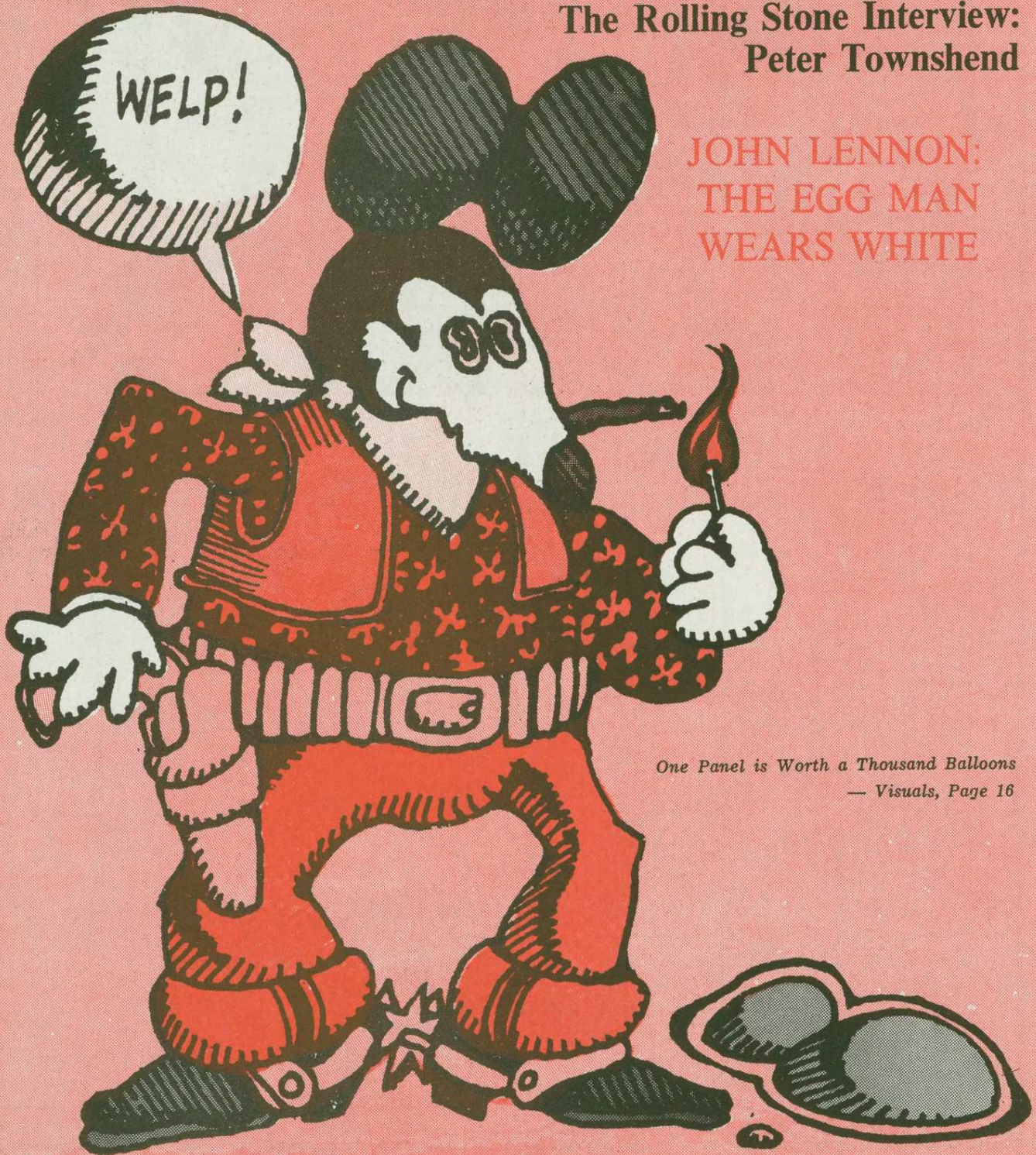
ACME No. 17

SEPTEMBER 14, 1968

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

The Rolling Stone Interview: Peter Townshend

JOHN LENNON:
THE EGG MAN
WEARS WHITE

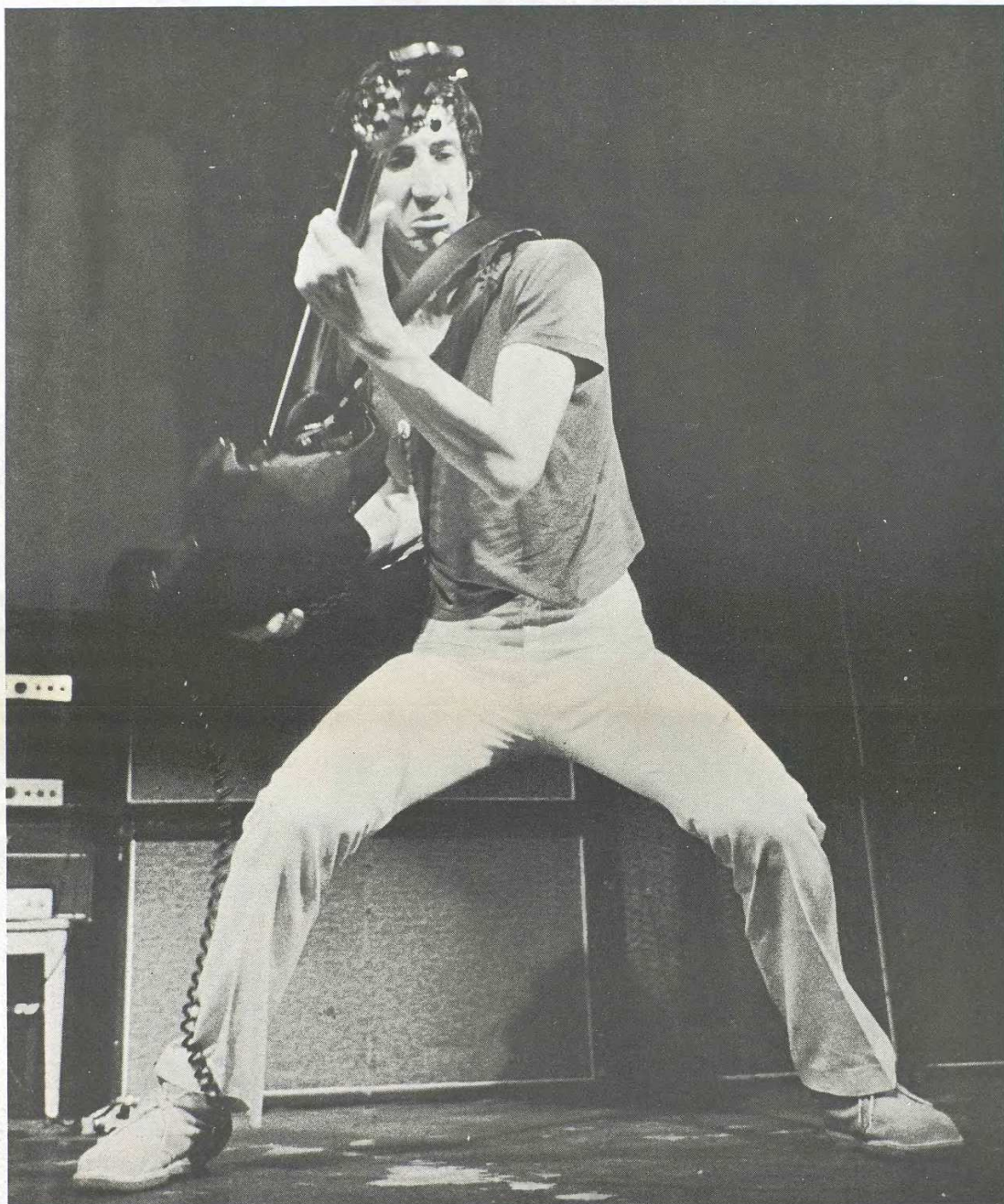


One Panel is Worth a Thousand Balloons
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RICK GRIFFIN

ROLLING STONE

No. 17
SEPTEMBER 14, 1968
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS



BARON WOLMAN

The Rolling Stone Interview

The Who are the best known and most brilliant expression of the most influential "youth movement" ever to take Great Britain, the Mods. Their career began in Shepherd's Bush, a lower-class suburb of London, and took them through such places as Brighton-by-the-sea, scene of the great Mod-Rocker battles several years ago. Their first recording was "My Generation."

Peter Townshend is the well-known guitarist in the group, but he is also the group's main driving force, the author of most of the material, the composer of most of the music and the impetus behind the Who's stylistic stance. It was he, for example, who is credited with initiating the Union Jack style in clothes, something he did by draping Keith Moon in them.

The Who's generation has gotten older and the change is seen in their records: "The Kids Are Alright" to "Happy Jack," and from "Happy Jack" to girls and boys with perspiration, pimple and bad breath problems. And, as can be seen from the interview, the changes continue.

Peter Townshend is the group's spokesman, and by extension, the spokesman for whatever has become of the Mods. Whatever they have become, they are at least the most substantial part of the rock and roll army, a 'movement' which is as much American as it was English. Apart from the significance of what he says in relation to the Who as one of the best, most creative and influential rock and roll groups in England, Townshend, perhaps more than any
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The Eggman Wears White

BY JONATHAN COTT

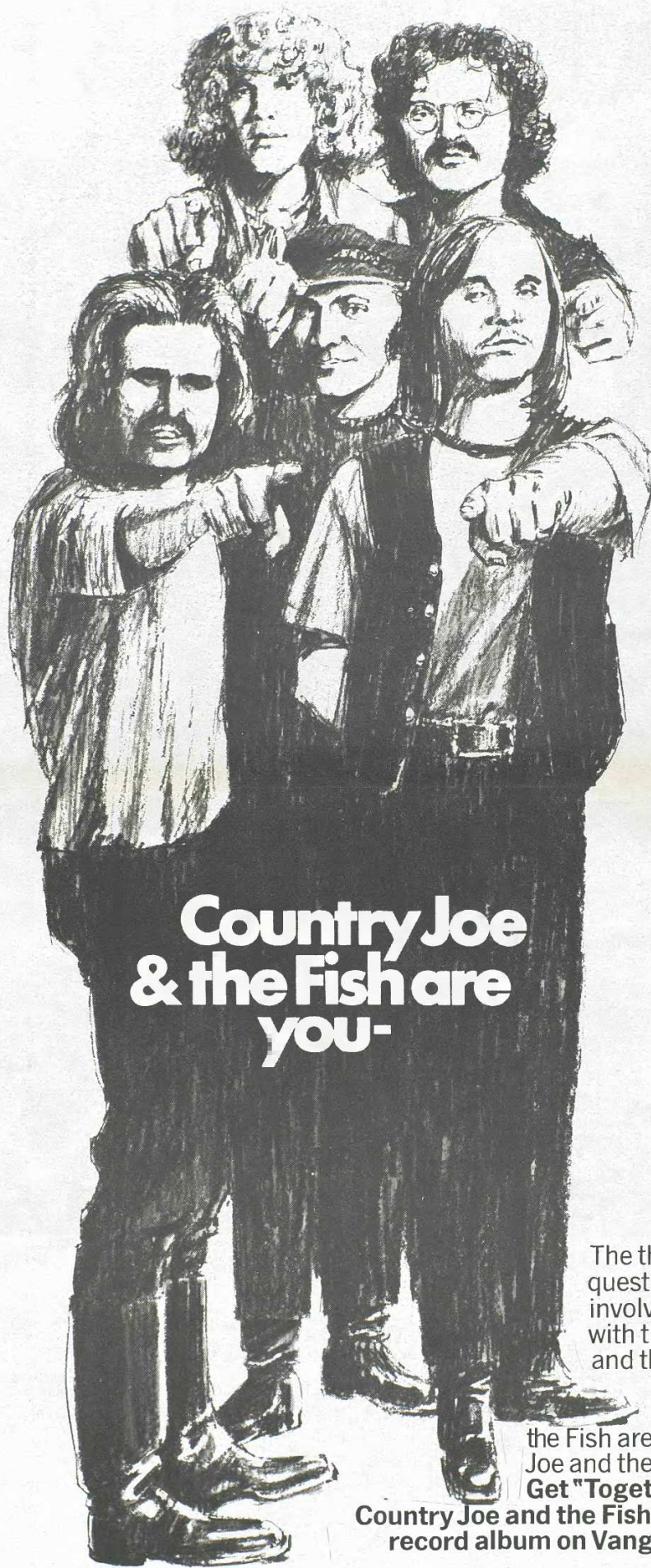
LONDON
John Lennon has taken the summer for himself and then given it away. This gift is not a parsimonious "jam yesterday and jam tomorrow, but never jam today." And the fact that the gift is given away with publicity creatures tailing the giver should not obviate the necessity of seeing the gift. Lennon's latest koans are filmed, written about, photographed; and if the point is mutilated, it's the media's fault; and if it's lost, it's yours.

First, Lennon's and Victor Spinetti's dramatic adaptation of Lennon's writings is playing a brilliant National Theatre production along with works by Henry Fielding and John Maddison Morton. Ronald Pickup, who played Rosalind in the famous

all-male *As You Like It*, here plays the protagonist who sets his fantasies against Baudelaire's definition of reality—"that miserable statement of line and surface."

Lennon has taken this reality many times before, fought and questioned it, and now he appears smiling through it. In Yoko Ono's new technicolor film Number 5, he smiles for 90 minutes. The directress took two days of shooting to film a two and a half minute Lennon smile, and then with special cameras and effects she lengthened it.

Yoko Ono is quoted as saying: "There wasn't any point in just making love, secretly and everything. We had to make a film which had the same vibrations as making love. . . . A smile for everyone. That's
—Continued on Page 18



Country Joe & the Fish are you-

The things that you are:
questioning, idealistic,
involved; concerned
with the love, the confusion
and the excitement of the life
you live today; this is
what Country Joe and

the Fish are—because Country
Joe and the Fish are you.

Get "Together" with

**Country Joe and the Fish. Their new
record album on Vanguard.**



The Twins

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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

No, I do not want to gripe with you about the article about mono/stereo. I want to congratulate you on having the balls to bring up the matter in public. Too much BS is messing up this issue and, for the most part, your article tells it like it is! There does seem to be some truth to the claim that recent mono tone arms will track stereo without damage to the grooves, the public is not properly enlightened about the defects of compatible stereo.

However, I believe your article errs in giving the impression that compatible stereo is a wider-used system than it actually is. A minor point also, the FTC, not the FCC is attempting to keep phoney stereo properly labeled. Finally, there are in use at least four basic systems of Electronic Stereo:

1.) The split-frequency system described in your article.

2.) The simultaneous-track system, used I believe by Decca for their recent reissues, which simply puts two mono tracks on the record, one for each speaker—you can see how silly it is doing this with expensive stereo cutting equipment when a mono track will suffice for the same effect on most stereo playback systems.

3.) The time-lag system, which places two identical systems on the record with one track delayed very slightly for a kind of echo effect. I believe Chess are using this system.

4.) A system which provides the listener with a straight channel for one speaker and an echoed channel for the other, a slight change from idea No. 3.

I am interested in the problem of electronic stereo because of wholesale and retail firms' reluctance to carry inventories of mono product. It does make sense to move to a one-idiom scene but technological changes in our industry always meet with an hysterical reaction from mid-

dlemen and dealers and pressures of competition invariably push this to an extreme. I myself have always benefitted from this because, as a retailer, I am able to pick up albums that soon become collector's items, at a good price. As a small manufacturer, I am saddened at the prospect of our nice catalog of Big Joe Williams, Roosevelt Sykes, etc. blues albums being faced with deletion because they do not sell well enough to re-channel—and because I am at a loss to choose a decent system. Certain we will not make such a move until we have checked the scene out thoroughly. The cost of doing so means that we will probably simply carry the old mono blues masters into mono as special-order items, discontinue mono pressing of stereo tapes, and delete the modern jazz items that don't sell well enough to re-channel.

The whole thing is as silly as the dropping of 10" LP's and 7" micro-grooves was. We retreat from common sense in the name of progress.

BOB KOESTER
DELMARK RECORDS
CHICAGO, ILL.

SIRS:

I was very pleased to see your interview with Frank Zappa in the last issue. I was wondering when ROLLING STONE would get around to him.

I saw the Mothers on stage for the first time during a "festival" in Miami. Also appearing were the Jimi Hendrix Experience, the Blue Cheer, the Crazy World of Arthur Brown, and John Lee Hooker. The Mothers completely stole the show. Zappa's group came across as serious musicians and brilliant showmen. There was definite communication between the stage and the audience that was lacking in Jimi Hendrix' inarticulate animal act, and totally absent in the rest of the performers.

Zappa was in complete control of the Mothers at all times in spite of the extensive improvisations and bizarre "visual effects" that he spoke of in the interview. He was as much a conductor as a musician on stage. Zappa seemed to be something of a perfectionist and twice stopped the group in the middle of a song because he felt it wasn't going well.

After his first set, Zappa was interviewed by a local rock station ("Tell us why you look so weird, Frank?"), and afterward, signed a few autographs and chatted with his fans. I was expecting an irritable, sarcastic, almost vicious freak. Frank Zappa is one of the most likeable, friendly, and frighteningly intelligent people I have ever met. He spoke pleasantly, answered even the most inane questions, and seemed sincerely flattered when complimented.

America is a pretty sorry place these days, but there is still something to be said for the nation that let a man like Frank Zappa write for Life Magazine.

MCGREGOR MCGEEHEE
BOSTON, MASS.

SIRS:

Reading the August 24, 1968, Rolling Stone, I was somewhat surprised to find in Barry Gifford's article on Howlin' Wolf, "Couldn't Do No Yodeling, So I Turned to Howlin'," no acknowledgment of his source of approximately 90% of the material therein—the interview with Wolf that I did in the December 14, 1967, Down Beat. I thought it was only common courtesy to acknowledge so primary a source. What disturbs me most, however, are the several errors in the piece.

To state, as Gifford has done in his second paragraph, that Muddy Waters, Buddy Guy, Junior Wells and others unnamed are "the Wolf's disciples" is to reveal a fundamental

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THE TIMES OF LONDON

Apple Is Closed; Beatles Give It All Away Free

The Beatles have closed the Apple boutique on Baker Street in London — and have given away free their stock of far-out fashions, valued at 10,000 pounds sterling. The staff was told on Tuesday morning, July 30, to give away every item in the store. By afternoon, when things weren't moving fast enough, assistants went out into the street and stopped passers-by, who were understandably amazed.

Paul McCartney explained the move: "We decided to close down the shop last Saturday night — not because it wasn't making any money [Apple opened in a blaze of publicity last November, but there have been rumors it was not proving profitable], but because we thought the retail business wasn't our particular scene."

"So we went along, chose all

the stuff that we wanted — I got a smashing overcoat — and then told our friends. Now everything that's left is for the public. Of course we've lost a great deal of money by doing it this way, but that's what we wanted. We didn't want people to think the Beatles had become mercenary."

Said Ringo: "I couldn't find anything that fitted me."

Paul went on to say the shop had not come off as intended. "It was to have been a beautiful place where you could buy beautiful things," he said, "but it was in danger of becoming just an ordinary chain of stores." Apple Tailoring on the King's Road will revert to being run by designer John Crittle and may go back to being called Dandy Fashions. "It may all look very surrealistic and gimmicky," Paul added, "but it's not, really. We're just cutting back on a few of our interests. We can't try to run fifty businesses at once."

The first customer to get the free treatment was Michael J. Pollard, the C. W. Moss of *Bon-*

nie and Clyde. He went in to order some shirts and jackets, and when he came to pay was told to keep his wallet in his pocket. The word had been spread by phone (hush-hush) for everyone to go up to Apple first thing in the morning, but with no hint why.

Explaining why the give-away was done with such haste and lack of publicity, Paul explained that he didn't want half of the shopkeepers from Carnaby Street turning up and loading all the clothes into wheelbarrows.

"And anyway," he added, "you know we always make our mistakes in public."

Doors Concert Starts Riot in Long Island

Three persons were injured and two arrested at a Doors concert on August 3, following a me-

lee that broke out towards the end of their performance in Long Island's Flushing Meadow-Corona Park. Some 200 persons in the audience which filled Singer Bowl to capacity began breaking up the wooden chairs in the orchestra section as the group was completing its last two songs.

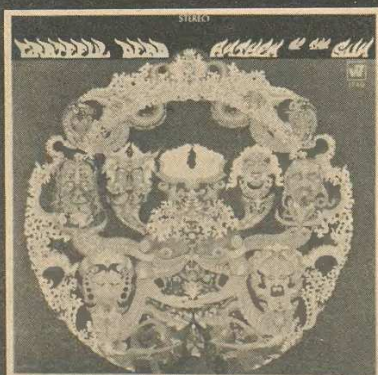
A number of them then rushed to the stage forcing the Doors to flee, leaving their equipment behind. A witness said some persons, armed with pieces of chair, began beating the equipment on the stage before private guards could stop them. Police then moved in and more scuffling broke out when some teenagers being herded outside tried to get back in.

Three teenagers, two girls and a boy, were taken to a hospital to be treated for head wounds and bruises. One of them was under arrest for purportedly punching and kicking a patrolman, and at least one other man was under arrest.



RAY CAVIANO

THE GRATEFUL DEAD



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An album one year in the making...and sonically advanced to the point of making you rediscover your body. The second coming of The Grateful Dead: now a fact of Life.



WARNER BROS. SEVEN ARTS RECORDS, INC.

Random Notes

One keeps hearing rumors from highly reliable sources that something is amiss between Bob Dylan and his manager, the Maharishi of pop, Albert Grossman. It is said to be, for example, the reason Dylan has yet to make any plans for a road tour and public appearances even though he is anxious to begin them. Those closest to the Dylan-Grossman rift refuse to say anything, as usual, but their silence is eloquent and something is likely to change.

The Mothers held a Five Hour Freakout at the Whiskey A Go Go in Hollywood toward the end of July. Those waiting in line found that upon entry into the club, the marathon was actually a recording session devoted to old Mothers' favorites ("Memories of El Monte," "Brown Shoes Don't Make It.") Though nothing new in the way of freak-outs, it was a good evening. What is new in the way of freakouts, really?

Jeremy and the Satyrs have disbanded, leaving Warner Brothers with a very good record which they never promoted. Jeremy, who did the cover of the album, is an excellent artist, although a disappointing in-person performer. . . . Rumors again have it that the Buffalo Springfield will re-form, this time around Richie Furay. . . . Larry Coryell has left the Gary Burton Quartet; their last gig together was at the end of July in San Diego, a generally unfortunate location for such an event.

The San Francisco Chronicle has a column called "The Question Man" in which a reporter roams around asking various people various questions. He's been known to go on for weeks at a time about dope and related subjects. Well, recently he asked seven teen age boys "What's the best way to meet girls in San Francisco?" A majority of them mentioned the Fillmore West and the Avalon Ballroom. So, what else is new?

Pete Brown, who has co-authored a number of songs with Jack Bruce which have appeared on various Cream albums, has formed a "music and poetry" group called Pete Brown's Battered Ornaments. He leads the group on vocals, trumpet, slide whistle and drums. . . . Jimmy Page is reforming the Yardbirds around himself (to be billed on a college concert tour in October as "The Yardbirds featuring Jimmy Page," yet!) with bassist John Paul Jones and singer Robert Plant.

Received a note from Buddy Guy's manager which says: "A representative of the Albert B. Grossman Agency recently approached Buddy Guy and asked if he would be interested in disbanding his own group to become lead guitarist with the Electric Flag. Guy politely refused."

Britain's Minister of Housing has announced that the government will preserve Paul McCartney's home on Cavendish Avenue in St. John's Wood in London as an historical item with "special architectural interest." Meanwhile, Magical Alex—friend of the boys and a Greek Wizard—is planning to build a force field, which will have a reddish glow, around Paul's house. The nation that controls magnetism, will control the universe.

Apple Records is expected to release a batch of new records soon, including a single by the Beatles, "Hey Judge" b/w "Revolution," a Lennon composition. *Yellow Submarine*, the cartoon film, has been released and favorably received in England and will be on general release in the United States on Thanksgiving Day. Other news out of Apple includes the information that the Beatles are considering opening a very small private school for their children and the children of Apple employees.

Arthur Brown, of The Crazy World Of Same, was quoted recently saying this: "I have a damaged leg caused by a knee wobble dancing and two broken bones in my right foot caused by a falling amplifier. It happened as I was singing 'Devil's Grip On Me'—I gave the finest scream of my life. My doctor told me: 'Your condition is serious beyond belief. It's a wonder you are still with us. You must be a superman.' Then he refused to give me an injection."

Bill Graham spent a weekend at Big Pink in New York, chatting up, passing peace pipes and swimming with the band which lives there and their friend Bob Dylan. One of the subjects discussed was the possibility of Bill presenting the group on a tour or free in park concerts. The band may make their first public appearance on Labor Day in Central Park in New York, sponsored by Bill, but that has yet to be finalized.

Also discussed were some Bob Dylan concerts, which he wants to do—probably with the band backing him—but he has yet to make some other decisions which must be made before he does a concert tour. Public response to the band's record is excellent; the only danger is the possibility of over-hype.

The Big Pink People, incidentally, made a record in 1965 under the name of Levon and the Hawks. "The Stones I Throw" b/w "He Don't Love You" (Atco 45-6383). "Stones" has a lot of balls, despite a few awkward spots, with lyrics like "The stones I throw will free all men . . ."

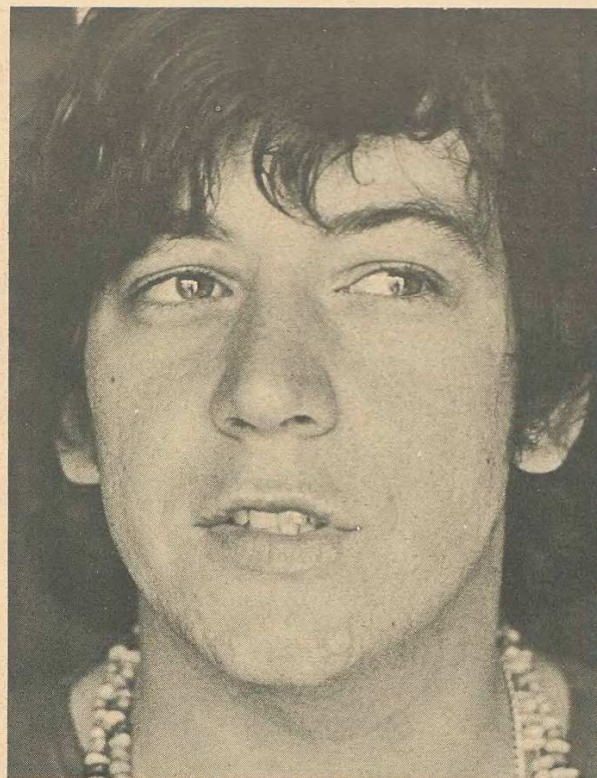
It's the little things that count: Buddha Records has an album out called "The Barry Goldberg Reunion," featuring organist Goldberg, and the album is not bad. But all things seek their own level; whoever is in charge of liner credits reflects the whole Buddha Records operation. A song called "Fool On A Hill" is credited to — dig their spelling — "Lennen-McCartney," and as if missing up both the title and John Lennon's name weren't enough, here's how they list the publishing company: "Maclean Music."

The Flamin' Groovies, a San Francisco group with a big following for a band of such recent vintage, has done something quite unique for this area: they have formed their own recording company, calling it Snazz Records, and have released a ten-inch titled *Sneakers*. It's available at local record stores, and if the response is sufficient (and it's a good record) they'll press more for wider distribution.

Joan Baez's first book, an autobiographical account of what happens sometimes, has been released by Dial Press. It is titled *Daybreak*. . . . The Staple Singers have left Epic Records and are now with Stax-Volt. . . . Jefferson Airplane recently purchased a three-story "mansion" near Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, which they intend to use as a rehearsal hall and general good-time palace. The house was built by Tiffany in 1905. (They've already received an offer of \$10,000 for one of the stained glass windows in the place.) . . . A friend of ours in San Francisco has a gorgeous crop of indian hemp in his backyard (now about four feet high.) While he was away on tour, his neighbor watered his garden and on his return the kindly lady mentioned to him that had a nice patch of hemp in his backyard. He asked her how she knew: "I used to work for the Vice Squad."

Unipak record covers are now catching on very fast with many companies, especially Elektra Records which has converted to them entirely. The trouble with them is that although they are cheaper to manufacture and print (only one

—Continued on next page



BARON WOLMAN

ERIC BURDON: 'I GOT CHANGES TO GO THROUGH, THAT'S ALL'

BY JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES

A lot of blues have gone under their musical bridge in the four years since the Animals first exploded on the pop music scene—blues musical and personal.

A dozen sidemen have come and gone, the billing was changed to read "Eric Burdon and the Animals," they stopped recording blues classics preferring to present original material, and where once this young English mining town tough was the critics' darling and voted the best white male blues singer in the business, he now is relegated to a position somewhere in the Siberia of Teenybopperland.

Burdon has also changed personally. Once upon a time he was remote and uptight. Today he is friendly and relaxed. The ego you think might have dictated the changes in billing and personnel is, if present, not apparent. So it is not difficult to ask Burdon, quite bluntly: What happened?

"I got changes to go through and I've got to go through them," he said recently, between out-of-town concert gigs. "If I worried about what people said in the beginning, I'd never have done anything. When I was still in school I said Ray Charles and Bo Diddley were where it's at, not Bobby Vee. So after a while I was right, and blues was right. Then, later, when I did something else, they came to me and said I should be doing blues and not Ravi Shankar and 'Sky Pilot'."

He made this short speech with conviction, but without anger. "It took Don Ellis ten years to get his band together where it is now," he added. "When I think of that I know I've got plenty of time."

"You know, I can still walk out on any stage and get a good reaction. The record business can take second place to that. Performing for people is where it's at. I guess I find it difficult to connect through a record."

Burdon has a home in Laurel Canyon in Los Angeles now and it is this city he uses as a base for his far-ranging, continuing concert tours. There is a new album out—*Every One of Us*, the band's tenth—and there are certain to be several more, but it is the stage act Burdon seems to believe in.

"If you get hung up in a studio, you lose people," he said. "If you live in a castle, you can't take a walk on the Sunset Strip. I think the Stones are finding this out right now. I think the Beatles may learn the same thing. You got to be out in front of the people."

"The English critics thought 'Sky Pilot' was bad when they listened to the record, but they liked it in the stage show. You got to see it with the film and the light show to know what we are talking about."

"You see, I can't get it out of my head every time I make a record I'm making a documentary movie, and records you can only listen to. You can't see them. What we really are, right now, is a stage act."

Eric Burdon and the Animals travel with a light show team and currently there are four films included in the presentation, so it is not surprising when Burdon defends visuals.

"The best way to communicate is to make a movie," he said. "No one will let me make a film now, just like when I started out I couldn't make a record; no one would let me get into a studio. That's okay. I'll keep on making records until someone lets me make a film, and then I'll stand on people's fingers with what I do."

"Film is the medium. If people have eyes as well as ears, records only half-satisfy."

Why has Burdon abandoned the blues classics that were so good to him?

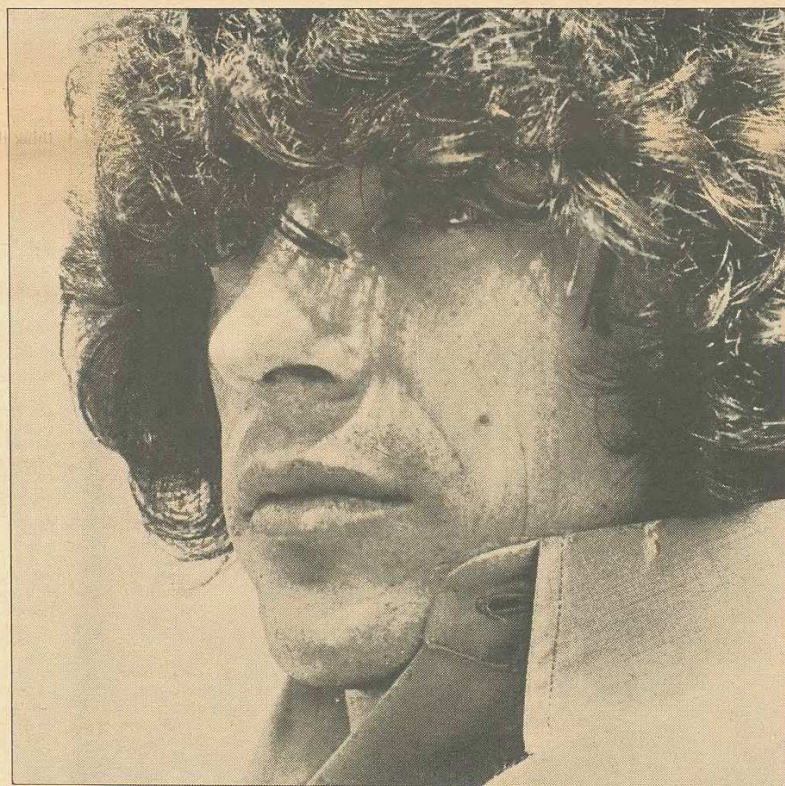
"I haven't, really. Not altogether. I still do some of me old things in the stage act occasionally. I still sing blues, even if they are original. Most of the new album is our own stuff, but 'St. James Infirmary' is in there. Besides, I did all that before. Why do it again?"

(It's a pallid rendition of "St. James Infirmary" the Animals provide on this album, sharing the second side with a 19-minute-long "documentary" called "New York 1963—America 1968," which might best be described as Burdon's latest sophomore attempt to convince us his soul is black. The first side is somewhat less offensive, although it features, for elusive reasons, "The Immigrant Lad," running 6:15 and being little more than a seagull track with in-

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"You take this electrical power out of the wall and you send it through the guitar and you bend it and shape it and make it into something, like songs for people and that power is a wonderful thing."

Dino Valente



BN 26335

Dino Valente's first album.
A wonderful thing.



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Random Notes

—Continued from Page 6

long piece of thinner cardboard as opposed to two sheets of thick cardboard and two separate printing jobs on regular covers) they also fall apart quite easily, are flimsy (offering little protection for the record) and just aren't the McCoy. Hope we don't get too many of them.

Driving home after work a few days ago, we heard the insanest thing coming out of the FM radio. KOIT-FM, owned by a Top-40 AM station, KYA, was broadcasting the news. In times past, KOIT-FM, which now runs a very tastefully selected automated tape program of good rock and roll of all kinds, including so-called "underground music," used to have very straight hourly news broadcasts. Suddenly out of the speaker comes this heavily echoed voice, with tape delay and tremolo reading the news. In between each item comes all this plunk-ping-dit-dong dit-dong rit-a-t-tat klung tunk ing ing unklun rrrrrrip and all sorts of other weird shit. Gotta be the best idea in news since the end of World War II.

Janis Joplin will soon be leaving Big Brother and the Holding Company, if the present plans of her manager and her record company are followed through. It's been obvious for a long time that as a performer she was simply on a much different level than the boys in the band, and in many ways they held her back. On the other hand, it would be wise for everyone involved to realize that Janis is neither Billie Holiday or Aretha Franklin, and that trying to get her to be like that might make her end up like Laura Nyro.

All in all, it will be a delicate thing to do. Janis is not a great blues singer, but she is one of the greatest and raunchiest rock and roll chicks ever, and she ought to be with a great and raunchy rock and roll band.

Raelettes Leave Ray

Ray Charles and his Raelettes have ended their association. The female quartet split just before an engagement in Los Angeles, reportedly because of a denied salary increase they claimed was necessitated by the recent income tax surcharge, and because of recent heavy performing schedules.

In addition, according to a report in a Los Angeles newspaper, they objected to the rules set up by Joe Adams, personal and business manager for Ray Charles: "If we were one minute late it would cost us \$50 out of our checks. If you missed a rehearsal, regardless of why, you were fined \$57, and we felt this was a little too rough."

Adams retorted that the girls had no personal expenses during the tours, that they never had to touch a piece of luggage, their clothes were provided and that no matter whether they worked one day or seven they were paid a full salary. "It is unfortunate we had to lose the girls," he said, "but of course the Raelettes will go on. The name is ours and we already have a replacement. The show must go on."

Merry Crayton announced to *Soul Magazine* that the newspaper account wasn't what happened at all and that as soon as the quartet's future plans were solidified, the former Raelettes would make public the real story—"the truth," she said, "not this jive."



Country Joe McDonald and Jerry Garcia backstage at festival

Newport Pop Festival Drags on in Dust and Heat

An estimated 140,000 attended the first and probably the last Newport Pop Festival in California's Orange County Aug. 3-4, viewing, among others, Tiny Tim, Jefferson Airplane, Country Joe and the Fish, Grateful Dead, Chambers Brothers, Charles Lloyd, James Cotton Blues Band, Quicksilver Messenger Service, and the Byrds.

The festival was regarded musically successful but on other fronts rather less than pleasing. The performers appeared on a raised stage under a striped canopy, but the young crowds were left sitting or standing in a huge, flat, dusty-dry open field under a broiling sun. Refreshment and rest room facilities were less than adequate and the sound system was not powerful enough to carry the sound to everyone present.

Highlight of the pop fest the first day (Saturday) seemed to come when Country Joe closed the bill. The hour was late and Orange County officials were threatening to shut off the electricity when the band went on, finally relenting to give the band time for two songs. As they began their first, "1, 2, 3, 4, What Are We Fighting For," the approximately 40,000 young people still on hand rose as if one, cheering, hands held aloft in the "peace sign." During the second number, a long blues, even the cops on stage were grinning and ad-libbing a moderate version of the boogaloo.

The second day's climax came when David Crosby started a planned pie fight with the Jefferson Airplane. In all, 250 cream pies flew back and forth . . . and the thousands of people present stormed the stage join in.

The musical line-up was an impressive one. Besides those already mentioned, bands appearing were Alice Cooper, Steppenwolf, Sonny and Cher, Canned Heat, Electric Flag, Butterfield Blues Band, Eric Burdon and the Animals, Blue Cheer, Iron Butterfly, Illinois Speed Press and Things To Come.

But admission to the festival was \$5.50 per day—to sit in heat and dust. Most considered it another in the series of pop music shucks.

The Newport Pop Festival—which wasn't even held in Newport, but in Costa Mesa—was produced by Humble Harvey Miller, one of L.A.'s Top-40 deejays, and Wesco Associates, basically the same coalition that staged a similarly uncomfortable week-end festival last summer in another Los Angeles dust bin.

Los Angeles Kaleidofolk Sneak-In

The creators and original managers of the Kaleidoscope have temporarily regained control of the Los Angeles club by staging the city's first "sneak-in."

Less than a month ago the club's Eastern money backers, who controlled 88 per cent of the club's ownership, fired their California partners, John Hartmann, Skip Taylor and Gary Essert. Hartmann was jailed on a grand theft charge and although the club remained open, its operation during their absence was deemed less than aesthetically successful.

Then on July 31st, after the club had closed, Hartmann and Essert, in Hartmann's words "sneaked into the club" and barricaded themselves behind padlocked doors. When Glen McKay,

operating the club for the New York interests, appeared on the following morning, they refused him admittance.

Police and the attorney for the landlord were called and it was determined, at least temporarily, that Hartmann and the "Kaleidofolk" were legally entitled to occupy the building. The lease between owner and Eidos, Ltd., was then reportedly cancelled and a new lease was to be offered on a bid basis.

Those reported bidding for rights to operate the club do not include Bill Graham, who was rumored to be in the running, but do include Ken Kragen and Ken Fritz (managers of the Smothers Brothers), Wall Street stock broker Jay Lourie, and Red Doff (Mickey Rooney's manager).

In the meantime, the landlord

has agreed to rent the building to Hartmann's clan for a week-end-long, seventy-five-hour film marathon that featured forty features, a complete serial and several cartoons and shorts. "Occasional" music was provided during the marathon by Canned Heat, a group Hartmann and Taylor manage.

Hartmann says his party is regrouping and forming a new corporation, Kaleidofolk, Inc. The old corporation, Eidos had provided at least \$100,000 toward the club's renovation and operation and Hartmann had been fired for what the New Yorkers termed "extravagant spending." The grand theft charge, based on Hartmann's removing records from the building, is still pending.

'Puzzling, Psychedelic, Political, Action Show'

A festival being promoted as Europe's first full-scale equivalent of last year's Monterey Pop Festival will be held in Essen, Germany, September 25-29. The International Essener Song Tage will attempt, with characteristic Germanic thoroughness, to fill fifteen hours of each of the five days with nine concerts of folk, protest and pop music and some 28 seminars.

A "brain-trust" of music experts from the United States and several European countries will

include "head-Mother" Frank Zappa, "head-Fug" Tuli Kupferberg, and French "chanson pope" Jacques Canetti. More than a hundred musicians will participate from all over Europe, including several from the United States. Rock acts will include Pink Floyd, the Mothers, and the Fugs, and possibly the Who, the Nice, Procol Harum and Janis Ian.

The festival will be a non-profit undertaking organized by the City of Essen Youth Office,

which means low admission prices. Most of the music will be concentrated on Saturday and Sunday, the 28-29th, when dance concerts in the Gruga Auditorium are expected to draw 20,000 and will be covered by TV. There will also be free park concerts.

Series tickets have already sold out, but if you go, be sure not to miss the "puzzling psychedelic, political, complicated action show with light, sound and happening."

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Featuring: "Albert's Shuffle," "Season of the Witch" and a tune by Dylan, "It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry." It was recorded late at night when everyone was feeling loose, on and ready. The result is not a hype, not a put-on, but a beautiful jam—a "Super Session." It'll mess your mind over!


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ON COLUMBIA RECORDS



The Rolling Stone Interview: Peter Townshend

Continued from Page 1— other single figure in music—and because of the Who's unique relationship to the accompanying social movement — understands and articulates the "meaning of it all."

This interview began at 2:00 A.M., after the Who's recent appearance at the Fillmore in San Francisco. Nobody quite remembers exactly under what circumstances the interview was concluded.

—JANN WENNER

The end of your act goes to "My Generation," like you usually do, and that's where you usually smash your guitar. You didn't tonight — why not?

Well, there is a reason, not really anything that's really worth talking about. But I'll explain the pattern of thought which went into it.

I've obviously broken a lot of guitars and I've brought eight or nine of that particular guitar I was using tonight and I could very easily have broken it and have plenty more for the future. But I just suddenly decided before I went on, that if there was anywhere in the world I

should be able to walk off the stage without breaking a guitar if I didn't want to, it would be the Fillmore.

I decided in advance that I didn't want to smash the guitar, so I didn't, not because I liked it or because I've decided I'm going to stop doing it or anything. I just kind of decided about the actual situation; it forced me to see if I could have gotten away with it in advance. And I think that's why "My Generation" was such a down number at the end. I didn't really want to play it, you know, at all. I didn't even want people to expect it to happen, because I just wasn't going to do it.

But Keith still dumped over his drum kit like he usually does.

Yea, but it was an incredible personal thing with me. I've often gone on the stage with a guitar and said; "Tonight I'm not going to smash a guitar and I don't give a shit" — you know what the pressure is on me — whether I feel like doing it musically or whatever, I'm just not going to do it. And I've gone on and every time I've done it. The actual performance has always been bigger

than my own patterns of thought.

Tonight, for some reason, I went on and I said "I'm not going to break it" and I didn't. And I don't know how. I don't really know why I didn't. But I didn't, you know, and it's the first time, I mean I've said it million of times before and nothing has happened.

I imagine it gets to be a drag talking about why you smash your guitar.

No, it doesn't get to be a drag to talk about it. Sometimes it gets a drag to do it. I can explain it, I can justify it, and I can enhance it, and I can do a lot of things, dramatize it and literalize it. Basically it's a gesture which happens on the spur of the moment. I think, with guitar smashing, just like performance itself, it's a performance, it's an act, it's an instant and it really is meaningless.

When did you start smashing guitars?

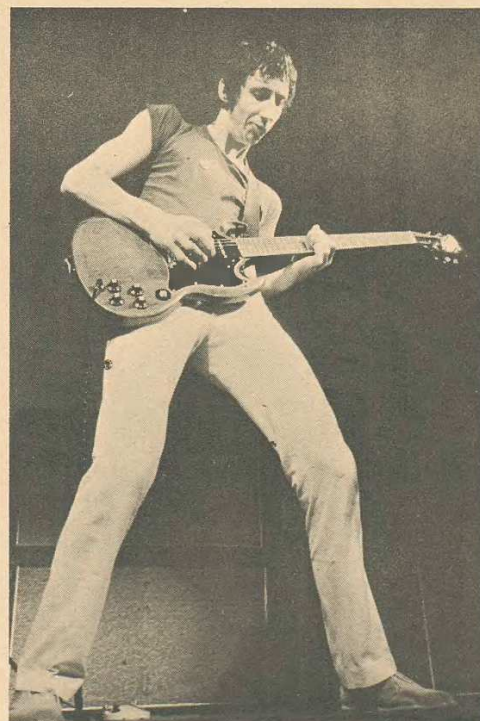
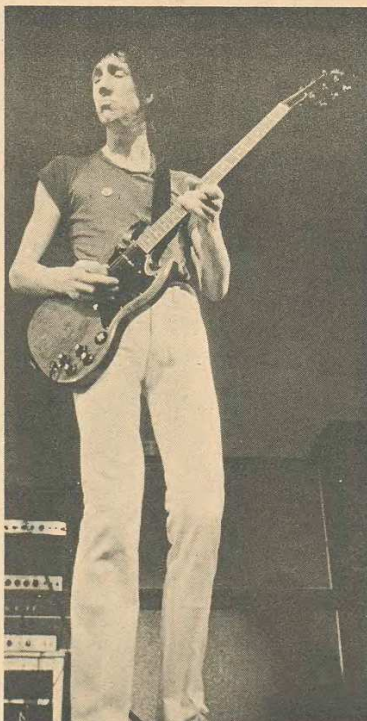
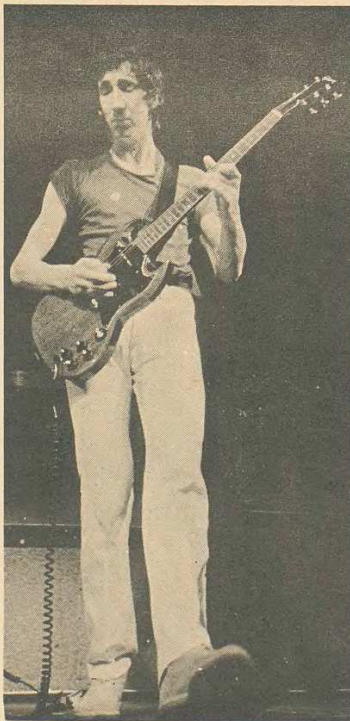
It happened by complete accident the first time. We were just kicking around in a club which we played every Tuesday and I was playing the guitar and it hit the ceiling. It broke

and it kind of shocked me 'cause I wasn't ready for it to go. I didn't particularly want it to go but it went.

And I was expecting an incredible thing, it being so precious to me, and I was expecting everybody to go, "Wow he's broken his guitar, he's broken his guitar" but nobody did anything which made me kind of angry in a way, and determined to get this precious event noticed by the audience. I proceeded to make a big thing of breaking the guitar. I pounced all over the stage with it and I threw the bits on the stage and I picked up my spare guitar and carried on as though I really meant to do it.

Were you happy about it?

Deep inside I was very unhappy because the thing had got broken. It got around and the next week the people came and they came up to me and they said "Oh, we heard all about it, man; it's 'bout time someone gave it to a guitar" and all this kind of stuff. It kind of grew from there, we'd go to another town and people would say "Oh yea, we heard that you smashed a guitar." It built



BARON WOLMAN

and built and built and built and built and built until one day, a very important daily newspaper came to see us and said, "Oh, we hear you're the group that smashes their guitars up. Well we hope you're going to do it tonight, because we're from the Daily Mail. If you do, you'll probably make the front pages."

This was only going to be like the second guitar I'd ever broken, seriously. I went to my manager, Kit Lambert, and I said, you know, "Can we afford it, can we afford it, it's for publicity." He said "Yes, we can afford it, if we can get the Daily Mail." I did it and of course the Daily Mail didn't buy the photograph and didn't want to know about the story. After that I was into it up to my neck and have been doing it since.

Was it inevitable that you were going to start smashing guitars?

It was due to happen because I was getting to the point where I'd play and I'd play and I mean, I still can't play how I'd like to play. Then it was worse. I couldn't play the guitar; I'd listen to great music, I'd listen to all the people I dug, time and time again. When The Who first started we were playing blues, and I dug the blues and I knew what I was supposed to be playing, but I couldn't play it. I couldn't get it out. I knew what I had to play, it was in my head. I could hear the notes in my head, but I couldn't get them out on the guitar. I knew the music and I knew the feeling of the thing and the drive and the direction and everything.

It used to frustrate me incredibly. I used to try and make up visually for what I couldn't play as a musician. I used to get into very incredible visual things where in order just to make one chord more lethal, I'd make it a really lethal looking thing whereas really it's just going to be picked normally. I'd hold my arm up in the air and bring it down so it really looked lethal, even if it didn't sound too lethal. Anyway, this got bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger until eventually I was setting myself incredible tasks.

How did this effect your guitar playing?

Instead I said "All right, you're not capable of doing it musically, you've got to do it visually." I became a huge, visual thing. In fact I forgot all about the guitar because my visual thing was more my music than the actual guitar. I got to jump about and the guitar became unimportant. I banged it and I let it feed back and scraped it and rubbed it up against the microphone, did anything, it wasn't part of my act, even. It didn't deserve any credit or any

respect. I used to bang it and hit it against walls and throw it on the floor at the end of the act.

And one day it broke. It just wasn't part of my thing and ever since then I've never really regarded myself as a guitarist. When people come up to me and say like "Who's your favorite guitarist?" I say "I know who my favorite guitarist is, but asking me, as a guitarist, forget it because I don't make guitar-type comments. I don't talk guitar talk, I just throw the thing around." Today still I'm learning. If I play a solo, it's a game to me because I can't play what I want to play. That's the thing: I can't get it out because I don't practice. When I should be practicing, I'm writing songs and when I'm writing songs, I should be practicing.

Do you find it funny that people regard you as an excellent guitarist?

I find it astounding and I find it hard to believe if anyone ever says that they rate me as a guitarist at all. Although I dig my guitar playing, I think it's kind of an obvious situation, I play what I want to play within my own restrictions. I like to play like [Steve] Cropper. I like to play simply and tastefully and when I make records at home, you know, I play simply and tastefully and I don't play like I do on the stage. I don't play big chords and I don't smash the guitar around. I just do the things which I feel are well within my capabilities as a rhythmic musician.

With the compliment I immediately think of the people I dig, some compliments me and I think I must move the compliment around to somebody that I really dig like Hendrix and would say I'm nowhere near someone like that as a guitarist and so the compliment feels out of place. I think, "Well, okay the guy's not saying you're a good guitarist, he's saying what you play you put over well," or "What you want to put over comes out." If I look like a good guitar player it's because that's my whole thing, to look like I'm playing the guitar, but really I'm not.

You said you spend most of your time writing songs in your basement.

A lot of writing I do on tour. I do a lot on airplanes. At home, I write a lot, obviously. When I write a song, what I usually do is work the lyric out first from some basic idea that I had and then I get an acoustic guitar and I sit by the tape recorder and I try to bang it out as it comes. Try to let the music come with the lyrics. If I dig it, I want to add things to it, like I'll add bass guitar or drums or another voice. This is really for my

own amusement that I do this.

The reason "I Can See For Miles" came out good was because I sat down and made it good from the beginning. The fact that I did a lot of work on arrangements and stuff like that doesn't really count. I think that unless the actual song itself is good, you know, you can do all kinds of incredible things to it, but you're never gonna get it, not unless the meat and potatoes are there. Although I do fuck around in home studios and things like that, I think it's of no importance; I don't think it's really got anything to do with what makes The Who the Who.

Does what you write in your home studio ever come out on records?

Most of it gets out, but the recordings I make myself in my own studio, don't. They might in the future, but they would only come out if they had the Who on them. To put out a record of me banging away on guitar or bass drums collectively and generally being a one-man band wouldn't be a very good idea. I'd like to use my studio to record the group because interesting things happen in small environmental sound recording situations like Sony tape recorders, for example, which don't happen in studios. It's a well known fact.

When you work out an arrangement and figure out the bass line and the various voices, is that just directly translated onto a record that would be released?

More or less, but then we don't really take it that grimly; I mean what happens is I will suggest the bass riff on the demonstrations record, John takes up and goes from there. But the bass (line) I would suggest on the demo, as I said earlier, would be very simple, it would be economical, tasteful and just a vehicle for the song, making the bass line, and if I use them the piano or drum, as simple and effective as possible in putting the song across to the group.

Instead of me hacking my songs around to billions of publishers trying to get them to dig them, what I've got to do is get the rest of the band to dig my number. If I've got a number that I dig I know that I've got to present it to them in the best light. That's why I make my own recordings so when they first hear it, it's not me stoned out of my mind plunking away on a guitar trying to get my latest number across. It's a finished work that might take me all night to get together, but nevertheless it's gonna win them over.

Do you ever think of using the demo version instead of the group version?

A lot of the demo's have been so

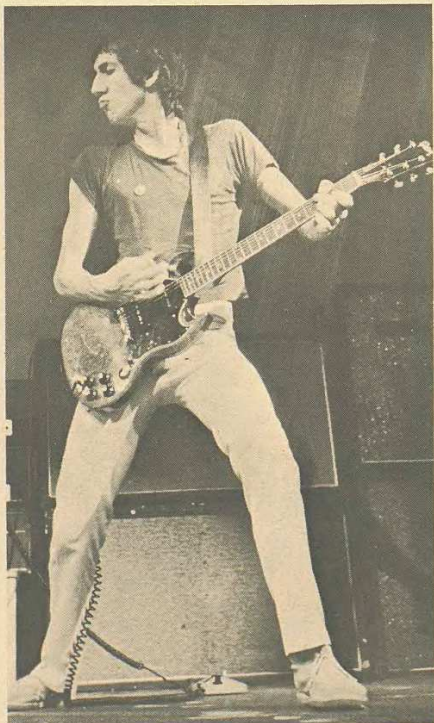
good in fact that it's scared us out of making recordings. "I Can See For Miles" and "Magic Bus" both had demo's which were very, very comparable to the finished releases. They were just so exciting and so good that for a long time we didn't ever dare attempt to make singles because it was blackmail. I'd made this demo and I was more or less blackmailing Kit Lambert, our producer, into doing better. So we always put it off until Kit was very sure of himself. One night he just turned around and he said to us "Let's do 'I Can See For Miles.'" I had the demo there and we put it on and we dug it again and he just seemed like he was going to do it and he did it. He got it together.

The same with "Magic Bus"—we didn't want to do it. I listened to the demo and I thought that demo was good but that we're never gonna catch it on record. It's gonna bring us all down. Let's forget it, let's do something else; and Kit was going, "No, we're going to do it, we're going to do it, we're going to do it, you're going to learn every line, every little detail, every little precious thing in the demonstration record, you're gonna catch and you're gonna copy it if necessary." What happened is in the end we gave up and we thought, "Oh we'll do it," and we went down and we did it completely differently, but it all came together and we went up and we thanked him for making us do it.

What approach do you use?

The only way I can describe it is to go through it: We walk in, we set up our equipment and through the talk-back will come, "Can we hear the bass guitar, please?" And then for quarter of an hour it's clang, clang, where the bass guitar microphone is corrected and so on. Then "Can we hear the bass drum, please?" and clang, clang, another quarter of an hour and "Can we hear the top kit?" and Keith plays the top kit and "Can we hear the guitar," the guitar's always good. The guitar really is good the first time.

But by this time, of course, you're pissed off at the whole proceedings. All you want to do is go out for a drink so that's usually what happens. We all go out for a drink and come back in and we seem to have screwed up the balance a bit. So "Just a quick check on the bass guitar" and a "quick check" on bass rhythm and you go through the whole proceedings again. "Okay, we're ready to go!" Then you find that the number's only half routine, that you've forgotten something, and so by the time you're worked the routine out, the balance is lost again and you have



to start all over again. And this is the way The Who record.

How would you do it?

The way I would do it is set up the amplifiers, and the drums in a kind of a fairly separated manner, but as they would normally appear on the stage, in the same stereo picture. I'd set up one stereo microphone up in the air above the lot and I'd record a backing track. That's the way I'd record The Who's backing track and on top of that I'd add voice or whatever went with it.

That's what you want: you want that action—walk in, set up, play. That's what you build music on, that instant thing of like having a lyric and just seeing it, and being given some words and having to play guitar to them in front of a tape recorder. This is a recording and it's going to be used and it's gonna be our next album. The music has got to be good and it's got to be immediate and it's got to be exciting, it's got to be now.

Why aren't you already recording in that fashion?

We're gonna, we hope. I'm working on the lyrics now for the next album. When we get through that, all the lyrics cleaned out, we'll start to work through the album. We'll probably have to do it in short sections, like 15-minute sections. Ideally, I'd like to record one backing track for the whole album whether it lasts for two hours or two days. We sit down and we do it in one go and then okay, we spend the next two years adding tarty voices or whatever it is that it takes to sell the record. But at least you know that what's happening in the background is real meat and immediate meat and it's part of the present.

The whole thing about recording is that man feels slightly cheated anyway, because he's getting a recording of something which has happened, so he feels like he's getting something secondhand. If he thinks he's being fucked around already, this is a whole different thing. A lot of people, I'm convinced, that buy records don't realize what happens when a group records on an eight-track machine. They don't realize that they record half of it one time, and then another eighth of it another time. They record it in eighths at different locations and this ceases to become music to me.

What's happened when you've tried spontaneous recording so far?

We've made tapes of a backing track for a song called "Now I'm a Farmer," which is a song I wrote. We were going to release it as a single in England instead of this one we've just released called "Dogs." We made one backing track mono

the first time. And it sounded okay. It was exciting, but what it needed was voices. Only it didn't stand out much as a backing track. And then we recorded it segment by segment as I recorded it on the demo disk: guitar first, then drums, then bass, then tambourine or whatever it is we wanted on it. Of course, the one we did separately fell apart. It was gonna need someone to say, "Set one of those metronomes by it," in order for everyone to keep together. It wasn't music, it wasn't a happening, it wasn't an event, it wasn't a musical situation, it wasn't a beginning and it wasn't an end. It was just roughly parallel musical statements. There was none of the constriction of thought or anything, it was all analytical. And if a thought went along a song, it came in "A" and went out a "Z." With grooving or jamming or whatever you want to call it, you just pick up your guitar and—okay you might have a very complicated lyric in front of it—you just play the lyric out. The music becomes far more realistic. In today's time sequence, you got to make something which adds up like the present. Albums are only going to be played once or twice.

What other ideas in this field do you have?

Well, the album concept in general is complex. I don't know if I can explain it in my condition, at the moment. But it's derived as a result of quite a few things. We've been talking about doing an opera; we've been talking about doing like albums, we've been talking about a whole lot of things, and what has basically happened is that we've condensed all of these ideas, all this energy and all these gimmicks, and whatever we've decided on for future albums, into one juicy package. The package I hope is going to be called "Deaf, Dumb and Blind Boy." It's a story about a kid that's born deaf, dumb and blind and what happens to him throughout his life. The deaf, dumb and blind boy is played by The Who, the musical entity. He's represented musically, represented by a theme theme which we play, which starts off the opera itself and then there's a song describing the deaf, dumb and blind boy. But what it's really all about is the fact that because the boy is "D, D & B," he's seeing things basically as vibrations which we translate as music. That's really what we want to do: create this feeling that when you listen to the music you can actually become aware of the boy, and aware of what he is all about, because we are creating him as we play.

And the whole album is about his experience?

Yes, it's a pretty far out thing actually. But it's very, very endearing to me because the thing is... inside, the boy sees things musically and in dreams and nothing has got any weight at all. He is touched from the outside and he feels his mother's touch, he feels his father's touch, but he just interprets them as music. His father gets pretty upset that his kid is deaf, dumb and blind. He wants a kid that will play football and God knows what.

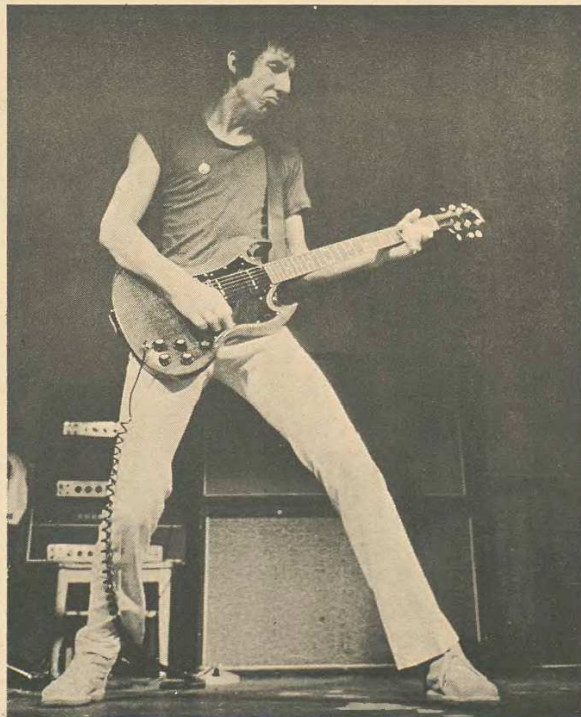
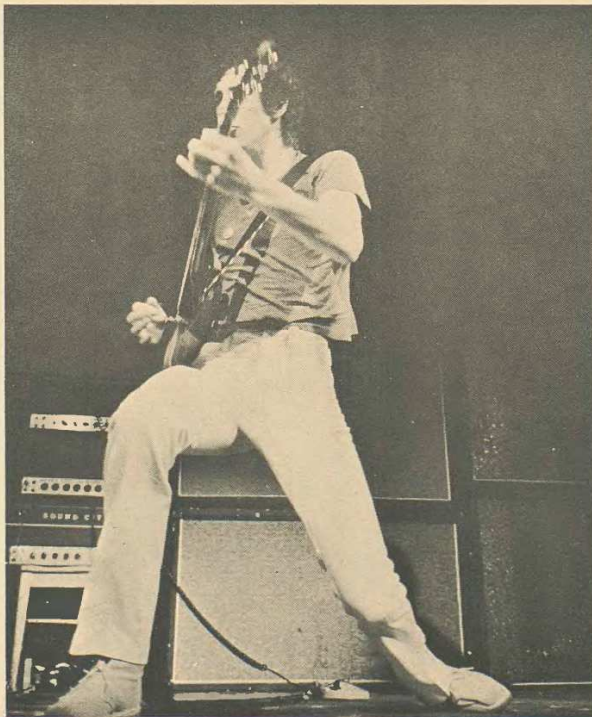
One night he comes in and he's drunk and he sits over the kid's bed and he looks at him and he starts to talk to him, and the kid just smiles up, and his father is trying to get through to him, telling him about how the other dads have a kid that they can take to football and they can teach them to play football and all this kind of crap and he starts to say, "Can you hear me?" The kid, of course, can't hear him. He's groovin' in this musical thing, this incredible musical thing, he'll be out of his mind. Then there's his father outside, outside of his body, and this song is going to be written by John. I hope John will write this song about the father who is really uptight now.

The kid won't respond, he just smiles. The father starts to hit him and at this moment the whole thing becomes incredibly realistic. On one side you have the dreamy music of the boy wasting through his nothing life. And on the other you have the reality of the father outside, uptight, but now you've got blows, you've got communication. The father is hitting the kid; musically then I want the thing to break out, hand it over to Keith—"this is your scene, man, take it from here."

And the kid doesn't catch the violence. He just knows that some sensation is happening. He doesn't feel the pain, he doesn't associate it with anything. He just accepts it.

A similar situation happens later on in the opera, where the father starts to get the mother to take the kid away from home to an uncle. The uncle is a bit of a perv, you know. He plays with the kid's body while the kid is out. And at this particular time the child has heard his own name, his mother called him. And he managed to hear these words: "Tommy." He's really got this big thing about his name, whatever his name is going to be, you know "Tommy." And he gets really hung-up on his own name. He decides that this is the king and this is the goal. Tommy is the thing, man.

He's going through this and the uncle comes in and starts to go through a scene with the kid's body, you know, and the boy experiences





sexual vibrations, you know, sexual experience, and again it's just basic music, it's interpreted as music and it is nothing more than music. It's got no association with sleaziness or with undercover or with any of the things normally associated with sex. None of the romance, none of the visual stimulus, none of the sound stimulus. Just basic touch. It's *meaningless*. Or not meaningless, you just don't react, you know. Slowly but surely the kid starts to get it together, out of this simplicity, this incredible simplicity in his mind. He starts to realize that he can see and he can hear, and he can speak; they are there and they are happening all the time. And that all the time he has been able to hear and see. All the time it's been there in front of him, for him to see.

This is the difficult jump. It's going to be extremely difficult, but we want to try to do it musically. At this point, the theme, which has been the boy, starts to change. You start to realize that he is coming to the point where he is going to get over the top, he's going to get over his hangups. You're gonna stop monkeying around with songs about people being tinkered with, and with father's getting uptight, with mother's getting precious and things, and you're gonna get down to the fact of what is going to happen to the kid.

The music has got to explain what happens, that the boy elevates, and finds something which is incredible. To us, it's nothing to be able to see and hear and speak, but to him, it's absolutely incredible and overwhelming; this is what we want to do musically. Lyrically, it's quite easy to do it, in fact I've written it out several times. It makes great poetry, but so much depends on the music, so much. I'm hoping that we can do it. The lyrics are going to be okay, but every pitfall of what we're trying to say lies in the music, lies in the way we play the music, the way we interpret, the way things are going during the opera.

The main characters are going to be the boy, and his musical things, he's got a mother and a father and an uncle. There is a doctor involved who tries to do some psychiatric treatment on the kid which is only partly successful. The first two big events are when he hears his mother calling him and hears the word, "Tommy" and he devotes a whole part of his life to this one word. The second important event is when he sees himself in a mirror, suddenly seeing himself for the first time: he takes an immediate back step, bases his whole life around his own image. The whole thing then becomes in-

credibly introverted. The music and the lyrics become introverted and he starts to talk about himself, starts to talk about his beauty. Not knowing, of course, that what he saw was him, but still regarding it as something which belonged to him, and of course it did all of the time anyway.

It's a very complex thing and I don't know if I'm getting it across.

You are.

Because I don't feel at all together. I know you don't look it, but you're coming on very together.

Good.

This theme, not so dramatically, seems to be repeated in so many songs that you've written and The Who have performed—a young cat, our age, becoming an outcast from a very ordinary sort of circumstances. Not a "Desolation Row" scene, but a very common set of middle class situations. Why does this repeat itself?

I don't know. I never really thought about that.

There's a boy with pimple problems and a chick with perspiration troubles and so on.

Most of those things just come from me. Like this idea I'm talking about right now, comes from me. These things are my ideas, it's probably why they all come out the same, they've all got the same fuck-ups, I'm sure.

I can't get my family together, you see. My family were musicians. They were essentially middle class, they were musicians and I spent a lot of time with them when other kids' parents were at work and I spent a lot of time away from them when other kids had parents, you know. That was the way it came together. They were always out for long periods. But they were always home for long periods, too. They were always very respectable—nobody ever stopped making me play the guitar and nobody ever stopped me smoking pot, although they advised me against it.

They didn't stop me from doing anything that I wanted to do. I had my first fuck in the drawing room of my mother's house. The whole incredible thing about my parents is that I just can't place their effect on me and yet I know that it's there. I can't say how they affected me. When people find out that my parents are musicians, they ask how it affected me. Fucked if I know; musically, I can't place it and I can't place it in any other way. But I don't even feel myself aware of a class structure, or an age structure, and yet I perpetually write about age structures and class structures. On the surface I feel much more concerned with racial problems and pol-

itics. Inside I'm much more into basic stuff.

You must have thought about where it comes from if it's not your parents. Was it the scene around you when you were young?

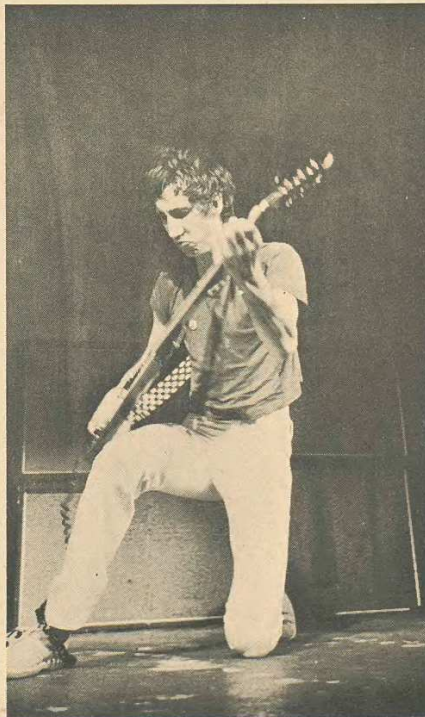
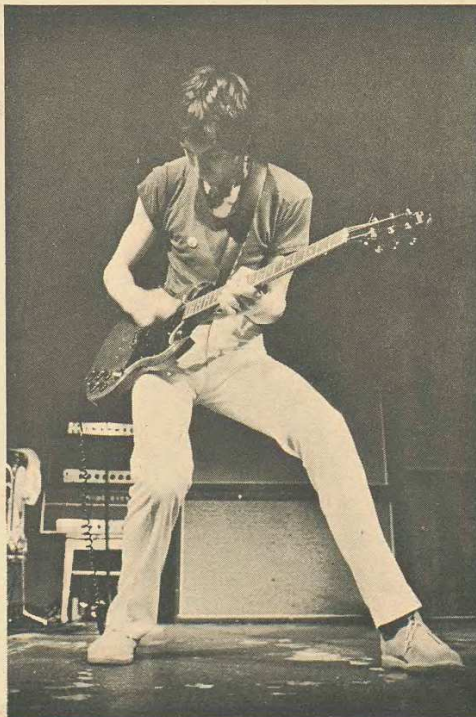
One of the things which has impressed me most in life was the Mod movement in England, which was an incredible youthful thing. It was a movement of young people, much bigger than the hippie thing, the underground and all these things. It was an army, a powerful, aggressive army of teenagers with transport. Man, with these scooters and with their own way of dressing. It was acceptable, this was important; their way of dressing was hip, it was fashionable, it was clean and it was groovy. You could be a bank clerk, man, it was acceptable. You got them on your own ground. They thought, "Well, there's a smart young lad." And also you were hip, you didn't get people uptight. That was the good thing about it. To be a mod, you had to have short hair, money enough to buy a real smart suit, good shoes, good shirts; you had to be able to dance like a madman. You had to be in possession of plenty of pills all the time and always be piled up. You had to have a scooter covered in lamps. You had to have like an army anarack to wear on the scooter. And that was being a mod and that was the end of the story.

The groups that you liked when you were a mod were The Who. That's the story of why I dig the mods, man, because we were mods and that's how we happened. That's my generation, that's how the song "My Generation" happened, because of the mods. The mods could appreciate the Beatles' taste. They could appreciate their hair-cuts, their peculiar kinky things that they had going at the time.

The mods seemed to have graduated from "My Generation" and "The Kids Are All Right" to very ordinary people, with very ordinary problems.

When you look at the people who were mods, the people I am talking about, they are now ordinary people and I mean I'm also going through the same changes. I'm becoming more and more ordinary as I go along. This is the natural progression, this is the natural progression of boring maturity and boring spirituality and boring ascendance of the evolutionary path. The thing is that you become simpler and simpler and more and more down to the simple ways of life, to be able to blunder through life without getting anybody uptight at all.

When I write today, I feel that it has to—this is incredible, man—I



feel that it has to tell a little story. Seriously. And I can't shake this. Like "Orodono," I dug because it was a little story and, although I thought it's a good song, it was about something groovy, like it was about under-arm perspiration. I still did make a story out of it, didn't I? It had a beginning and an end, just like it was a literary piece and there's no need to make "Orodono" a story. There was no need to have any lyric at all really, other than perhaps, you know, some type of Mother's of Invention-type under-arm deodorant noises, whatever they might be. "Tattoo" is a story, and "My Generation" is a story; in fact, I'm getting storer and storer until now, as I just told you, the next album is just a huge, complicated, complex story, with lots and lots of aspects which I hope are gonna come out in the future.

We were talking about Mods and the army of Mods, the rock and roll army. Obviously you've thought about it a lot and obviously it's connected with music some way. You said that the group you liked was The Who, and you could dig the Beatles and music, styles set in music, fashions set in music. What is the role of rock and roll in this youth movement?

Music was as much a fashion as the fashion it created. It was an incredibly flippant fashion. It was as flippant as the girls in the group drinking liebfräulich in the 1920's. It was as flippant as that. Music was just a feather. You went from record to record and you went from group to group, but you always dug The

What would happen is that the phenomena of The Who could invoke action. The sheer fact that four mods could actually form themselves into a group, which sounded quite good, considering that most mods were lower class garbagemen, you know, with enough money to buy himself Sunday best, you know, their people. Nowadays, okay, there are quite a few mod groups. But mods aren't the kind of people that could play the guitar and it was just groovy for them to have a group. Our music at the time was representative of what the mods dug and it was meaningless rubbish.

We used to play, for example, "Heat Wave," a very long version of "Smokestack Lightning," and that song we sang tonight, "Young Man Blues," fairly inconsequential kind of music which they could identify with and perhaps something where you banged your feet on the third beat or clapped your hands on the fifth beat, something so that you get the thing to go by. I mean they used to like all kinds of things.

Who, because they were always down at the local dance. They were mods and we're mods and we dig them. We used to make sure that if there was a riot, a mod-rocker riot, we would be paving in the area. That was a place called Brighton.

By the sea?

Yes, that's where they used to assemble. We'd always be playing there. And we got associated with the whole thing and we got into the spirit of the whole thing. And, of course, rock and roll, the words wouldn't even be mentioned; the fact that music would have any part of the movement was terrible. The music would have come from the actual drive of the youth combination itself.

You see, as individuals these people were nothing. They were the lowest, they were England's lowest common denominators. Not only were they young, they were also lower class young. They had to submit to the middle classes' way of dressing and way of speaking and way of acting in order to get the very jobs which kept them alive. They had to do everything in terms of what existed already around them. That made their way of getting something across that much more latently effective, the fact that they were hip and yet still, as far as grandad was concerned, exactly the same. It made the whole gesture so much more vital. It was incredible. As a force, they were unbelievable. That was the Bulge, that was England's Bulge; all the war babies, all the old soldiers coming back from war and screwing until they were blue in the face—this was the result. Thousands and thousands of kids, too many kids, not enough teachers, not enough parents, not enough pills to go around. Everybody just grooving on being a mod.

It seemed to find its highest form of transcendence in music.

I don't think that's so. I think it found its highest form of transcendence in the actual event of being a mod. It's difficult for you to know because you weren't one. I know where I'm at now, I know what it's like to be a member of a successful group. I know what it's like to be a member of a group that it's difficult to be a member of. It's a great feeling to be in a group that's happening of any kind.

But I also know the feeling of what it's like to be a mod among two million mods and it's incredible. It's like being, it's like being—suddenly you're the only white man in the Apollo. Someone comes up and touches you and you become black. It's like that moment, that incredible feeling of being part of something

which is really something much bigger than race and much bigger than—it was impetus. It covered everybody, everybody looked the same, and everybody acted the same and everybody wanted to be the same.

It was the first move that I have ever seen in the history of youth towards unity, towards unity of thought, unity of drive and unity of motive. Youth has always got some leader or other, some head man. The head man was Mr. Mod. It could be anyone. Any kid, you know, however ugly or however fucked up, if he had the right hair-cut and the right clothes and the right motorbike, he was a mod. He was mod! There was no big Fred Mod or something. You could get all the equipment at the local store, you get the haircut at the barber's; there was nothing special. You just needed a job in order to get you into the stuff, and that was the only equipment you needed. It was an incredible youthful drive. It really affected me in an incredible way because it teases me all the time because whenever I think "Oh, you know, Youth today is just never gonna make it," I just think of that fucking gesture that happened in England. It was the closest to patriotism that I've ever felt.

How do you think that compares with what's called today the American hippie scene?

I think it compares. I think the hippie thing compares favorably, but it's a different motivation. There are beloved figures. There is pot, there is acid, there is the Maharishi, there is the Beatles, there is being anti-the-U.S.A., there are a whole lot of red herrings, which aren't what it's all about. What it is all about is the hippies, you know, that's what it's all about. The people, the actions, not the events, not the tripping-out or the latest fad or the latest record or the latest trip or the latest thing to groove to. The thing is people.

This is what they seem to overlook. You see this is the thing about the media barrage—you become aware only of the products around you because they're glorified, and so that when somebody gets stoned, what they do is that they don't groove to themselves really, they just sit around and they dig everything that's around them. They perhaps dig other people. They dig the way the room looks. The way the flowers look, the way the music sounds, the way that the group performs, how good the Beatles are. "How nice that is," they never say "how fantastic am I." This is the whole thing: they're far too abject in outlook, they're far too concerned with what is feeding into them and not so much with what

they are. This is the difference between the mod thing in England and the hippie thing over here. The hippies are waiting for information, because information is perpetually coming in and they sit there and wait for it.

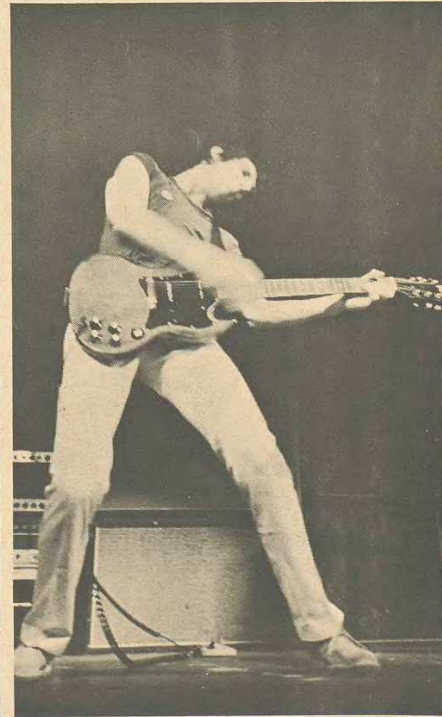
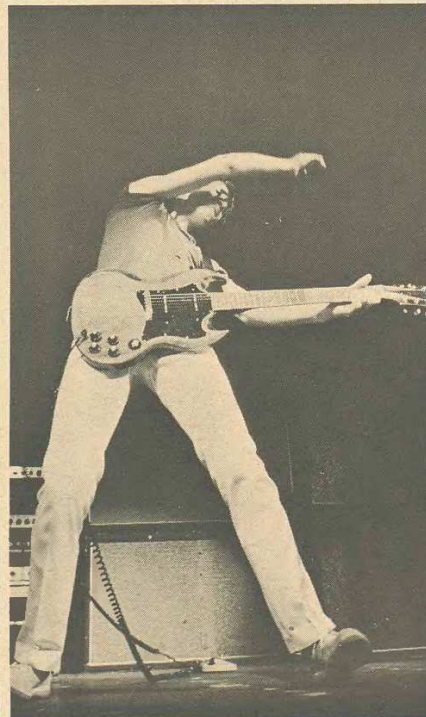
This is the incredible thing about the states, man. To get stoned in England is an entirely different trip. I'm not saying that you get stoned and you dig yourself or anything. What you would do is you would get stoned, perhaps you'd walk out and look at a tree or a matchstick or something and come back and have a cup of tea and then go to bed, man. But over here, you just carry on regardless. You go to Orange Julius and you have an Orange Julius and you watch TV and then you listen to some records, played very, very loud, and you know, it's a whole different pattern, a whole different way.

The acceptance of what one already has is the thing. Whereas the mod thing was the rejection of everything one already had. You didn't want to know about the fucking TV. "Take it away," you know. You didn't want to know about the politicians, you didn't want to know about the war. If there had been a draft, man, they would have just disappeared. If there had been a draft there wouldn't have been mods, because something like that—the thing was that it was a sterile situation, it was perfect. It was almost too perfect.

Over here it's imperfect, it's not a sterile situation. The group themselves can't become powerful because they can be weakened at so many points. They can be weakened by their education, by their spirituality, by their intelligence, by the sheer fact that Americans are more highly educated. The average American and the average Englishman and the Englishmen I'm talking about are people that probably left school when they were fourteen or fifteen. Some of them can't even read or write. But yet there were mods, they were like—you see something nearer, I suppose, in what it's like to be a Hell's Angel, but not as much flash, not as much gimmicking, much less part of a huge machine.

A lot of people, in a lot of new groups—not necessarily good ones at all—have tried to imbue rock and roll with a tremendous amount of spirituality and transfer on to it very deep meaning. What do you think of this tendency?

I don't want that record to dictate to me, to say, well, "this is where your head should be while you're listening to this record, you should be in a spiritual groove." The thing



is that you can take anything—you can take "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" at any spiritual level if you want to. It is, in effect, a spiritual song, and it's effective on every spiritual level and it's a complete and wonderful musical effort because it can't be criticized; it's got to be accepted for what it is, it's a piece of pure existence. It's a piece of wonderful existence, so you get beyond it and when it gets down to justifying music or preloading it, saying "this is going to be a spiritual thing," or "this is going to have any kind of color," what you've got to do is work from the lowest level, and let the spiritual people get the spiritual bag out of what you're doing.

Primarily, by itself—it's going to seem incredible—but the record's got to entertain; it's so simple and so beautiful. That's the whole thing: It's just a piece of entertainment, like life itself. If life ceases to entertain, what do you want to do? You want to commit suicide. It's got to entertain. Whether it be badly or nicely, it shouldn't dictate, it should never dictate.

What do you think are the implications of the so-called rock and roll revival—the songs like on the Stones' new album. Are people now fed up with the bullshit pretentious phenomena of the last year? Are they getting back to the values of rock and roll?

Let's hope so. To me, what is really happening is that rock and roll is being completely mischanneled. The whole effect of pop music was being followed though. What pop music was doing to people was something incredibly big, and so all the musicians that were creating rock and roll are saying, "Wow, it's doing something incredibly big, we're gonna follow this through."

And they were incapable of following through anything as big as rock and roll. You can't create something as huge as rock and roll and then come along and say, "Well, I'm going to do the follow up, now, which is going to be spirituality." You can't do it, rock and roll is enormous. It's one of the biggest musical events in history. It's equal to the classical music. It's equal and it's transcending slowly but surely because of the impetus, the weight of the feeling.

It's like saying, "Get all the pop music, put it into a cartridge, put the cap on it and fire the gun." You don't care whether those ten or 15 numbers sound roughly the same. You don't care what periods they were written in, what they mean, what they're all about. It's the bloody

explosion that they create when you let the gun off. It's the event. That's what rock and roll is. That is why rock and roll is powerful. It is a single force. It is a single impetus and it's a single force which threatens a lot of the crap which is around at the moment in the middle class and in the middle-aged politics or philosophy.

It blasts it, out of its sheer brashness, it's sheer realism. It's like suddenly everybody getting hung up on a bum trip: mother has just fallen down the stairs, dad's lost all his money at the dog track, the baby's got TB. In comes the kid, man, with his transistor radio, grooving to Chuck Berry. He doesn't give a shit about mom falling down the stairs. He's with rock and roll.

That's what rock and roll says to life: It says, you know, I'm hip, I'm happy, forget your troubles and just enjoy! And, of course, this is the biggest thing it has to offer, the biggest single thing it has to offer. At the same time it can have content if, if one desires content in something as incredible as it is already. The rock and roll songs I like, of course, are songs like "Summertime Blues," man that's beautiful. It says everything: don't have the blues, it's summertime; summertime, you don't get the blues in summertime! There is no such thing. That's why there's no cure for them.

Can you pin down some of the elements that make rock and roll what it is, starting with the basic elements . . . it's got the beat.

It's a bigger thing than that. The reason it's got to have a beat is the fact that rock and roll music has got to have that bounce; it's got to have that thing to make you swing; it's got to swing in an old-fashioned sense; in other words, it's got to undulate. It's got to have a rhythm which undulates. It can't be a rhythm which you count down in a long drone like classical music. It doesn't have to be physical because when you think of a lot of Beatles music, it's very non-physical. Like *Sgt. Pepper's* is an incredibly non-physical album. If I hear something like the *Electric Flag* album, I jump up and dance and I hardly get to hear the music because I'm so busy jumping up dancing.

But when I hear something like "Summertime Blues," then I do both, then I'm into rock and roll, then I'm into a way of life, into that thing about being that age and being this age and grooving to that thing that he's talking about which is, like, summertime and, like not being able to get off work early and not being

able to get out in the sunshine and not being able to borrow the car because dad's in a foul mood. All those frustrations of summer so wonderfully and so simply, so poetically, put in this incredible package, the package being rock and roll.

There's the package, there's the vehicle. Not only is it about some incredible poignant experiences, but it's also a *gas*. The whole thing about rock and roll dynamism, in many ways, is the fact that if it does slow down, if it does start to review itself, if it takes any sort of perspective on life at all, it falls. As soon as someone makes any comment, for example, musically on something they've done before, they collapse.

Is it because you start to take yourself seriously?

Obviously, this is what happens; it is what we desperately try to prevent all the time. One way to stop taking life seriously is to go out on the road. A prime example is people like Paul Revere and the Raiders, resulting in complete insanity. And every group that you can name, man, the Beach Boys are a completely insane group, completely insane. The Beatles they stopped going out on the road—they're sober as shit; they've got it together. The Rolling Stones are just going out on the road again; it's taken them ten years to get over the hang ups they got from being on the road last time.

This is where you forget, you don't want to take things seriously, you just let things pour out, often they are the wrong things. You might be thinking that you're keeping things light and you're keeping things groovy and you're just making your own musical statement and having a groove and everybody's grooving to it and life's a ball. But on the outside they think it's probably fucked up, screwed up, loaded with meaning, obviously a nostalgic bit, obviously the story has got something to do with your first sexual relationship; you know, obviously it's got some spiritual significance: "does Pete Townsend think he's Jesus?" or whatever the hang up is man. It can all be read into it. I'm sure a lot of it is there, but one doesn't know because one is trying to avoid this. We, of all people, have got to be afraid of seriousness in The Who, because if we were serious, we'd admit that we don't like each other. But because we're not serious, we don't have to admit it.

You said you write best when you are on tour.

What I was going to get into when I was saying that sentence was that I write a lot of songs on airplanes but they sound just like songs writ-

ten in airplanes.

Like which ones?

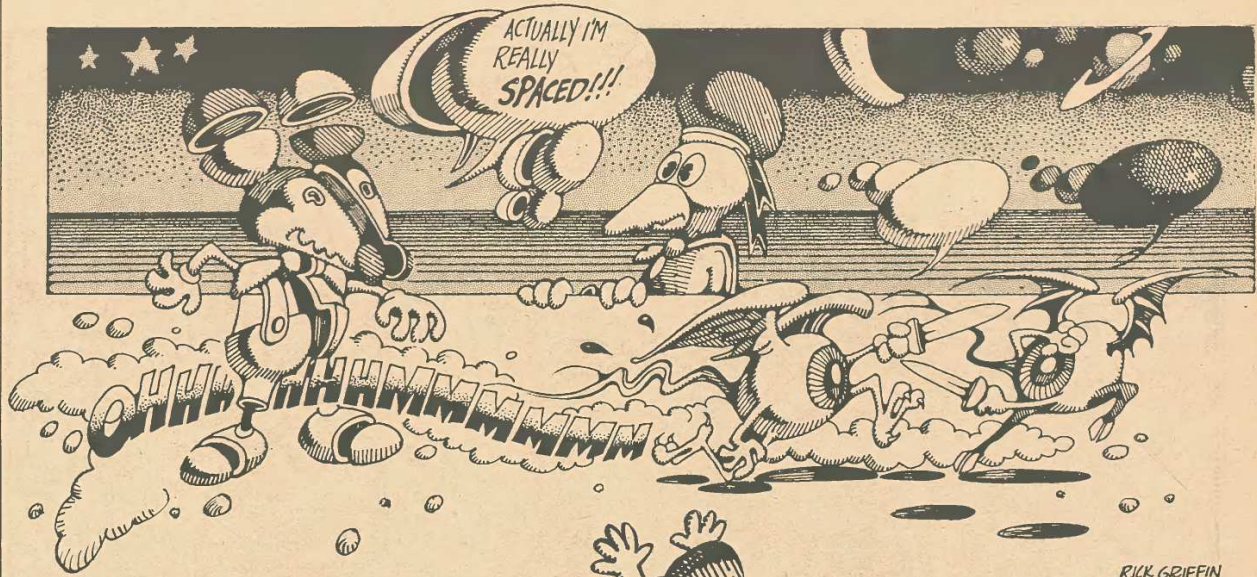
Let me see: "I Can't Reach You"—"our love was flowing, our life was soaring" and "I can't reach you; I'm a billion ages past you and a billion years behind you." It's all spacy, cloudy, you know; sun glinting on the wings, big massive jet engines silently soaring through the quiet skies, you know all this stuff is great for lyrics. The billowy clouds get you, that's the way you think, you think in these kind of adjectives.

I never regarded myself as a person afraid of traveling by air. When we did the Herman's Hermit tour in an old charter plane, I wrote so many songs about plane crashes, it was incredible. I did a song called "Glow Girl," which Kit Lambert wanted to release as a single, which was about—you see again, it became spiritual, what you were talking about earlier, unconsciously spiritual tune this was. I wrote it because we were taking off in a plane which I seriously thought was going to crash (you know how that feeling is) and as I was going up I was writing a list, I thought, that if I was a chick and I was in a plane that was diving for the ground and I had my boyfriend next to me and we were on our honeymoon or we were about to get married, I know what I'd think of. I'd think about him and I'd think about what I am going to be missing. So I went through this list, you know how women get screwed up about their purse, about what's in her purse. I just went through a big list of what was in this chick's purse—cigarettes, Tampax, a whole lyrical list and then holding his hand and what he felt and what he was gonna say to her. And he is a romanticist. The man, he's trying to have some romantic and soaring last thoughts. Eventually what happens is that they crash and they are reincarnated at a very instant musically. What I wanted was the list getting frantically and frantically, she's going through her handbag, ballpoint pen, cigarettes, book matches, lipstick and Excedrin and he's going "We will be this and we will do this and we will be together in heaven and don't worry little one, you're safe with me," and all this kind of bullshit. What happens is The Who do an incredible destruction as the plane hits the ground, explosions . . . then this little tune comes out which goes, "It's a girl, Mrs. Walker, it's a girl. It's a girl, Mrs. Walker, it's a girl." That was supposed to be the end of the thing and you sus out that they've been reincarnated as this girl.

Continued in the next issue.



BARON WOLMAN



VISUALS: ONE PANEL IS WORTH A THOUSAND BALLOONS

BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

Roy Lichtenstein brought the comic strip into art. Now art is coming back to the comics with a zap. Art and the cartoon are fusing together in scores of new combinations that make Lichtenstein and company today seem primitive. In case anyone hasn't noticed, a new cartoon art has been born.

With the early pop artists, it was mostly a matter of style; the hard black lines, title balloons and Ben Day dots, transferred into dazzling acrylic on huge canvases, produced a predictable, one-shot shock effect in the staid context of the museum or private gallery. Now it is a matter of message, feeling and spirit. The style has become simply one more potential tool of the trade. But it is also becoming perhaps the most important tool for meaningful figurative art—for both fantasy and realism—of our day.

If Hieronymus Bosch and William Hogarth were alive and well, chances are both would be creating cartoons.

There are various reasons which make the cartoon an ideal style for the spirit of the times. Obviously, it is the style best suited for space-age fantasy—inner as well as outer; as for the former, there is plenty of historic precedent in comics such as the old Buck Rogers strip, which in many instances preceded the actual

scientific fact. Monsters, nightmares, metamorphoses and transcendental dreams have always been central subjects of cartoon art; new artists are using cartoon styles to portray demons and Gods, and people becoming demons and Gods.

It is also the style of cynicism and outrageousness, as well as irreverent satire and broad farce, lending itself to all the conditions of contemporary life that inspire cynicism and outrage. Mad magazine pioneered this brand of cartooning, but current artists such as the Hairy Who group have achieved totally new levels of outrageousness, in keeping with the escalation of the conditions.

The cartoon is simultaneously super-hot and ultra-cool; it can caricature the most agonizing kind of hell-fire-and-brimstone damnation with graphic explosiveness and an impersonal detachment that makes the "message" seem even more savage. And the cartoon, of course, represents the epitome of the contemporary "anti-art"—or anti-preentiousness of art—attitude; it is the lowest of the low, commercial, ephemeral, kid-stuff.

The cartoon has had a checkered history, curiously parallel to the history of movies. There was an early "Golden Era" whose major star was Felix the Cat, a comics equivalent of

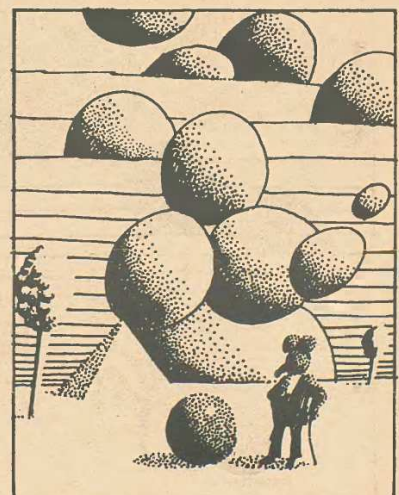
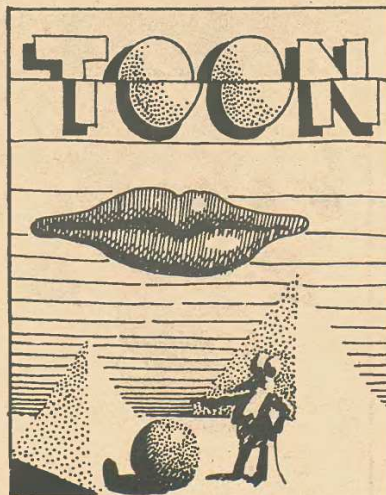
Charlie Chaplin. There followed the long slump that produced most of the dismal kind of cartoon art you see in newspapers now—illustrated soap operas, super-patriot war stories and Dagwood Bumstead domestic situation comedies. It also produced a few of the best, just as Hollywood produced Bogart: the pre-propaganda Dick Tracy, Li'l Abner and all the great super-heroes: Superman, Batman, Plastic Man and Captain Marvel. In the late Fifties, self-consciously "arty" cartoons became fashionable, coincidental with the big era of European "art" films. Everyone read "Gordo" regularly, U.P.A. began making animated cartoons in a style derived largely from Ben Shahn's paintings, Jules Feiffer produced illustrated discourses on existentialism. And everyone put down Walt Disney and Bugs Bunny, not to mention Superman. People began taking cartoons with some seriousness. But there were Good Cartoons and Bad Cartoons.

In the history of art, the "realism" of one age is usually the romanticism of the next, and the subjects considered "beneath" the art of one generation became the next generation's "realities." In the early Sixties, Pop Art challenged the art-for-art's sake esthetic of abstract expressionism, and soon shelved it alongside the "social realist" art of

the depression days. Pop not only brought the cartoon into art, but it specialized in the most lurid and garish features of the old "Bad" cartoons. What Pop art didn't do, the Camp revival did—it restored Batman to television, the Green Hornet to radio, turned old comic books into valuable collectors items and soon began producing super-heroes of its own.

The Sixties are an era in which the arts are intermingling with one another, as well as with life itself, as never before; at the same time, it's an age when each art form is seeking its own most characteristic language, often—as in the case of film—by returning to techniques, styles and outlooks of its own less sophisticated, pioneering origins. These ferment have been going on in cartoon art as everywhere else. They have made Saturday mornings the most interesting on television.

The inspiration of cartoon art today is producing some of the strongest figurative painting going; prime examples are the work of Peter Saul, who represents the Vietnam war in a blinding orgy of agony and violence, and Norman Siegelmeier, whose paintings mix comic strip and Miro—no slouch of a cartoonist himself—to express transcendental transformations, psychic energy, the universal flow of everything into





R. CRUMB

everything else.

The most interesting new development brings the art-cartoon relationship full circle in a series of new comic strips that make no pretension to being anything else, created by cartoon artists who really are artists of the cartoon. One of the earliest of these was Rick Griffin's now familiar Family Dog poster, which introduced his version of a metaphysical Mickey Mouse in a series of panels that had no plot, with balloons bearing undecipherable lettering.

Griffin and other artists are now regular contributors to a variety of new comic books which are almost as hard to come by as a June, 1944, issue of "Plastic Man," although they are just off the press. One of the first is "Yellow Dog," founded early this year in Berkeley, "published as weekly as possible," containing cartoons by Griffin, Moscoso, R. Crumb and a grab-bag of other artists.

The best of the new cartoon artists have now been gathered in a journal called Zap Comix, which has recently published its second issue; it includes four of the most original and accomplished cartoon artists in the field, at their most incredibly outlandish.

R. Crumb is probably the heaviest of the new cartoonists. His style

sometimes resembles old Popeye cartoons (one "Zap" episode features a slob hooked on hamburgers), sometimes it is closer to Barney Google; and most of the time it is strictly R. Crumb, and extremely versatile. His sequences follow an explicit plot line, but incidental details sometimes form symbolic subplots of their own; they combine outlandish farce, meta-philosophical fantasy and hip satire. One of Crumb's most incredible creations is "Angel-Food McSpade" — with "de biggest tits in town, fahn big laigs, an' yo' awt to trah some o' mah sweet jellyroll." Banned by law, day-dreamed about by runty Milquetoasts, coolly scrutinized by limp-dicked scientists, she is capable of upsetting the whole social-economic system; she gets right to the nitty-gritty, Freudian basis of American race relations.

Most completely outrageous of the new cartoonists is Steve Clay Wilson, who creates a totally cynical world peopled with "Hog Ridin' Fools," horny demons, tattooed bulldozers and bottles of "Old Piss Beer." Wilson's cartoons are obscene caricatures of obscenity, orgiastic parodies of orgies of brute violence and animal sex, bombastic, venomous portrayals of a world ruled by survival of the fittest, the fittest being the slimiest slob or the raunchiest

dyke. Wilson is a kind of post-Mad magazine Hogarth, approaching total Insanity. Like Crumb's cartoons, Wilson's cartoons follow a sequential plot line, but they are better when they don't; recently he had a gallery show of single-panel ink drawings which managed to get the message across full strength, without the distraction of an overly contrived story line. Both Crumb and Wilson are somewhat too hung up on sophomore shock effects, to my taste, but at their strongest they produce an explosion that carries more meaning than meets the eye.

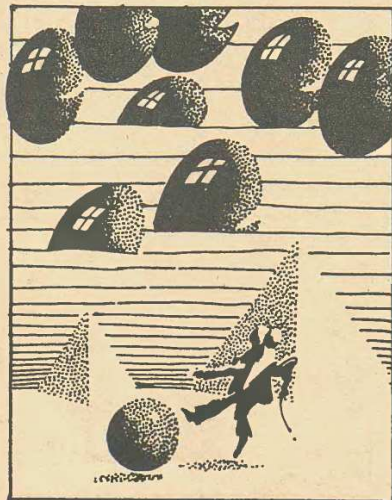
Rick Griffin and Victor Moscoso contribute abstract fantasies which are completely anti-literary cartoons; balloons frame words that belong to no known language, or they are modeled into boulder-like elements of the total graphic design, along with the old "inspirational" lightbulbs. Griffin and Moscoso both feature heroes who are highly individual variants of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, and Griffin often adds small, ghostly creatures that resemble the Secret Watchers out of the Herculoids. Griffin usually projects his fantasies in a bold, high-voltage style full of sharp line and angular cross-hatchings, while Moscoso's are softer, more flowing, shaded by dots and illuminated by moonbeams. Both artists recreate much

of the feeling of the old Felix the Cat cartoon, the sense of one-man-against-the-world magnified to become a pilgrimage through the universe.

Like anything new and vital, the cartoon-art scene is changing almost as quickly as the ink dries. Crumb recently designed the cover for Big Brother and the Holding Company's Album *Cheap Thrills*. At the other end, I recently visited a gallery which is tentatively planning a full exhibition of cartoon art.

I hope too many more words aren't devoted to the subject. The new cartoons are, like the cartoons of old, a folk form that combines equal doses of philosophical Freudian "message" with sheer entertainment, while transcending both. It's become more and more fashionable lately to analyze the piss out of everything from Dick Tracy to Apartment 3-G. But in any really heavy cartoon, one panel is worth a thousand balloons.

Distribution of Zap Comix and Yellow Dog outside San Francisco is presently very irregular. Enquiries may be addressed to the Print Mint, 830 Folger, Berkeley, California 94710. Yellow Dog takes subscriptions—25 issues for \$5.00, 50 for \$10.00. Zap Comix No. 2 and soon No. 3 can be ordered for 50c apiece, plus 15c handling.



Moscoso



THE EGGMAN WEARS WHITE

Continued from Page 1—

us. Oh, yes, and vibrations." Film Number 6, entitled *Two Virgins*, will present John and Yoko in their "first screen kiss" and music by John.

"John by Yoko—Yoko by John" is the sculpture exhibit now placed in a garden in front of the ruins just outside the walls of the Coventry Cathedral—sheltering works by Moore and Hepworth, among others. The sculpture consists of two acorns planted by John and Yoko in white plastic pots buried in the center of a circular white-wrought iron seat, around which people sit and watch and feel things growing.

Most people can't take the various senses of growing. It bothers their character armor, as Reich correctly termed it, or rather it reveals all that armor. The whiteness of Lennon's "For Yoko" show at the Robert Fraser Gallery, which closed at the end of July, exemplifies at least a theoretical simplicity as proportionally bothersome as your insistence on supplying something that is not there.

You enter the gallery to see a movie of the show's "star-studded" opening night, photographed by Bill Waering. (Candid Camera film crews also filmed the guests, but these sequences will be shown as part of a longer film about the opening which will be released sometime in the future.) White balloons are blown up by helium machines on the main floor of the gallery; and attached to the balloons are tags saying, on one side, "you are here" and, on the other, "Write to John Lennon c/o Robert Fraser Gallery." These

Down the spiral staircase, you find yourself in the white-walled basement. A white circular eight-foot diameter canvas hangs on a wall, in the center of which Lennon has written "you are here." (You see him in the film upstairs creating the painting on opening night.) "You Are Here" buttons are piled in a jar next to a white trilby hat to which is pinned a notice: "For the artist, Thank you."



Around the room you see cans and boxes for all sorts of charities—Cancer Prevention, League for the Protection of Horses, Tibet Relief Fund—and plastic statuettes—a bandaged plastic dog, white bowed band across his head, holding a red money box saying RSPCA; a plastic blonde girl and teddy bear in her arms with the sign "Please Help Your Local Spastics." Persons are asked to contribute. "For God's Sake, Give Something!" as one of the charity can signs announces.

The show is "For Yoko," but it literally says something about you. If you can't figure it out from what you see or from the "you are here," ("we are all together" is understood), then you can work it out by glancing at the guest book, black-bound, and also a part of the show.

Wilhelm Reich wrote: "This armoring of the character is the basis of loneliness, helplessness, craving for authority, fear of responsibility, mystical longing, sexual misery, of impotent rebelliousness as well as of resignation of an unnatural and pathological type."



balloons are released every night in Mayfair and fly away. Lennon tells how as a child he found a tagged balloon from Australia, and it pleased him so much that he decided to imitate the idea. The responses to these found tags have been uniformly imprecatory—like the comments in the guest book, which I'll quote from later.

Here are some printable examples of where people are:

"You are as dirty as everybody else—an old capitalist!"; "long haired spectral faced turt"; "Best wishes for a speedy recovery"; "Go back to your wife, she loves you"; "Not bad for a 1st try, but get rid of the collecting tins, I like cripples as they are"; "Micky Mouse loves you, so it's alright."



There are also some poems, some pleasant, a few complimentary comments, and some things to think about: "Whispering brutality justifies the sun to falter in reality." But the paranoia that jumps out of the book is worth any number of lectures on "fascist irrationalism."

The conclusion of the animated film *Yellow Submarine* presents the Beatles—"real life shot"—talking to each other, and then John says to the audience: "We've heard there are Blue Meanies in the vicinity of this theater; so go out singing." And the Beatles sing the chorus of "All Together Now," one of the four beautiful new songs heard in the film. I spotted a Blue Meanie middle-aged couple outside the theater saying: "Those goddamned kids lining up to see that bloody Beatles film!"

There you go, John.

As "Hey, Bulldog" goes: "Some happiness is measured out in miles. Some innocence is measured out in years. . . . Some solitude is measured out in you. . . . Hey, Bulldog, you can talk to me if you're lonely."

If *A Hard Day's Night* was the Beatles' first public-life image then *Yellow Submarine* is director George Dunning's reinterpretation and also extension of this life into myth. And since *Yellow Submarine* is a revelation—for the Beatles are more relevant than Jesus, and since the film accepts the Beatles the way they accept, the film does not exploit. This is to say that *Yellow Submarine* is the real magical mystery tour, using the emblems of Beatle

mythology—a yellow submarine, a nowhere man, a Sgt. Peppers' Band—and verbal ideas which come to life as images, so that the song "All You Need Is Love" is shown letter-by-letter as it destroys the Blue Meanie rocket glove. ("Now" comes from "nowhere" and "love" from "glove.")

The fascist glove and the stomach full of teeth (both images used in the film) are not new images for character armor. And obviously the director uses the Beatles mythology to reveal a psychic development that proceeds from solitude to community to radiant love. Nothing new here, either. Think of Vergil, Dante, Milton. Or of *The Ramayana*, or *Monkey*. But the point is that *Yellow Submarine* is one of the magnificent archetypal fairy tales.

The art-nouveau-pop-op art style reveals in illustrator-animator Heinz Edemann's conception an unlikely mixing of rigorouslyness and improvisation. A scene like the "Eleanor Rigby" section which superimposes animated photograph with art images is as powerful as it is because it locates the English malaise as few art works of recent times have done and takes off from there. Similarly, D. H. Lawrence in *The Plumed Serpent* writes the first chapter of the novel with a style and diction as flat as a real Mexican dirt town and rises to search for a myth that is shown to be simply a neurotic menapausal fantasy.



Where Harry Smith's extraordinary animated *Heavenly and Earthly Magic* (from which certain images like that of the suction machine monster are probably borrowed) stays tuned to a night journey that hardly comes to day—for the nightmare machinery is the world—*Yellow Submarine* attains, goes into the dreams and rises to the joy of George MacDonald's *The Golden Key*, Mary de Morgan's *Through the Fire*, Herbert Read's *The Green Child*, or even *The Winter's Tale*.

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In My Own Dream, The Butterfield Blues Band (Elektra EKS-74025)

Paul Butterfield has had a dream, a reverie into which he's been sinking more and more deeply over the course of the last few years, a vision not only seen but heard and felt and experienced. It is the dream of a new music, rooted equally in the blues, with their ability to grab emotions by the shorthairs, in the technical virtuosity of jazz and in the amplified immediacy of rock: with this record that dream starts elbowing its way into reality.

I say starts because, while most of the cuts are excellent in varying degree, some of them almost extraordinary in their musical togetherness, there are several that are impaired by hangovers from the band's (or individual musician's) previous incarnations. To get these out of the way—"Mine to Love," written by bassist Buggy Maugh, is an undiluted blues with an extremely simple melodic pattern and chord progression. Not only is the lyric rather banal, but the arrangement takes no advantage of the solo potential of the excellent players in the horn section (Gene Dinwiddie, Dave Sanborn and Keith Johnson) and uses them only to play some obvious riffs behind the vocal.

"Get Yourself Together," another of Buggy's compositions but in this case sung by Phillip Wilson—whose tasteful drumming is one of the real treats of the album—comes off as a not-too-funny parody of commercial rhythm & blues, though partly redeemed by Butterfield's solid harmonica work cutting through the ensemble passages in a manner strikingly reminiscent of his first record.

But the next track, "Just To Be With You," is a stone, absolute, 100% knockout. It is really the blues, pungent and imaginative, classic in its strength as a Bluebird 78 and modern as a Marshall amp. The lyric is Leroy Carr crossed with Bob Dylan: the singer, a sailor, has "fought sharks with a toothpick" but "a shark bit off both my legs and the sea turned to sand" so "just to be with you I'll crawl home on my hands." Here musical simplicity becomes a virtue, the repeated figures fit the vocal breaks like pigskin gloves and reinforce the strength of the imagery. The backing for Maugh's "Morning Blues" is also very sympathetic. Elvin Bishop's taut guitar solo (this record was made just before he left the band) is much in keeping with the moving vocal, and Dinwiddie contributes a staccato tenor saxophone solo with lots of sock that sounds like a sophisticated Gene Ammons and lifts the song up and gets it to stepping.

"Drunk Again" is a little concerto for Elvin—not surprisingly, since he wrote it—that in terms of content is in the tradition of Dinah Washington's "Drinking Again" and Bessie Smith's "Gimme a Pigfoot and a Bottle of Beer," not bad company. It reflects the persistence of the alcohol mystique among certain musicians who, while not averse to getting high by means of smoking, shooting and swallowing assorted substances, still like juice best. The interplay of the vocal with Buggy's bass, Butterfield's harmonica, some sit-in organ by Al Kooper and Bishop's own guitar lines is outstanding... and quite humorous.

"It took me a long time to find out that my life's upside down/I was

standing on not-too-solid ground," Paul Butterfield sings in the title song, and it sounds like he's talking about his struggles to get himself and his sidemen to play the music in his inner ear. Then Dave Sanborn gets it all together with a near-perfect Coltraneish—but original—alto solo, good enough for any jazz group but integrated into the bluesiness of the piece in a way which would have been impossible on the group's *Crashaw* album and Butter repeats that he "kept on living in my own dream." Let him keep on keepin' on.

JERROLD GREENBERG



Aerial Ballet, Nilsson (RCA Victor LSP-3956)

The incomparable respect we hold for The Beatles and their opinions should sell a lot of Nilsson albums. I, too, can recommend this album, but only with serious qualifications. For the magic of The Beatles is that their creations, like Shakespeare's, are universal works whose appeal covers so many levels and dimensions that there is something for everybody.

Nilsson, on the other hand, is a very one-dimensional artist. As with the Beatles, his song ideas, and the ways in which he phrases and assembles the songs, are clever beyond belief. But, unlike The Beatles, he tends to gloss over the other aspects of musical communication. The subject matter of his songs is also a bit restricted. The result is a highly artistic album, but one whose appeal will be limited to a certain type of listening mind.

Certainly songwriting is Nilsson's strongest suit. He wrote all but one of the songs on this, his third album. The songs on *Aerial Ballet* are as a group slightly inferior to the ones on his previous album, *Pandemonium Shadow Show* (LSP-3874). But we have a gem in "Mr. Richard's Favorite Song," which outlines the declining years of an entertainer in words which are at once sarcastic and sympathetic. "I Said Goodbye To Me," a conversation with the singer's mirrored image, is also brilliant. "Don't Leave Me" is a near-perfect little love song in an old style, only slightly less magical than "Without Her" from the earlier disc.

Some of the other songs have serious problems. "Mr. Tinker," which celebrates the shabby, hopeless life of a widower tailor, has some memorable lines, but you suddenly realize that the whole thing is a very derivative of "Eleanor Rigby," and that it isn't half as good either. It is quite unfortunate that the next track, "One" (also a tribute to depression) has a strong suggestion of "Rigby" in the tune.

Tunes are a hangup for the album in general. Rarely are they more than skeletons on which the words are hung. When Nilsson's lyric muse turns to such tedious doggerel as "My Old Desk," we are left with very little to listen to. And, just as surely, the drabness of the tunes keeps the good songs mentioned above from being great ones. George Tipton's arrangements do make the most of them, however; they fit in succinctly with the album's accent on cleverness. The performances are technically impeccable. On "Together," however, the arrangement is guilty of another case of Beatle plagiarism ("For No One" is the victim this time).

Nilsson's singing is probably his weakest suit. His voice is technically perfect, right on key, and with all

the most graceful inflections. It has a fairly pleasant nasal quality, like Donovan's. But where Donovan is warm and comfortable, Nilsson is cold and distant. It is as if his efforts at cleverness forbade him from expressing emotion. So the voice is only as listenable as the songs it sings. It is ironic that Nilsson's singing comes closest to making it on "Everybody's Talkin'," the only song on the album he did not write. (Fred Neil did.) Here he at least has a commercial groove going. But his attempt at soul phrasing on "Don't Leave Me" is obnoxious.

There's a lot to be said for cleverness in rock, especially when artists exercise it on all levels, as the Beatles do. But this album dwells far too long in empty depression to make it as pure entertainment, and it is far too shallow to move us as a complete work of art. In Nilsson's last song, he announces that he is going home to take a bath (the song is called "Bath") and that he is beginning to think there's hope for the human race. I wish the rest of the album expressed a little more of that, or something emotional at least. John Lennon notwithstanding, this album belongs to an older generation.

BARRET HANSEN



Sweetheart of the Rodeo, The Byrds (Columbia CS9670)

The Byrds, during the not-so-Great Folk-Rock controversy, attempted to qualify their own individual transition by saying: "If only one line of 'Mr. Tambourine Man' (which they had just recorded) gets through to the kids it'll have been worth it." The Byrds had all been Folkies and their subscription to Dylan's new method of "getting the message across" (something Dylan himself denied trying to do) was of no little significance. What Barry McGuire, Jody Miller and the Byrds were doing was sacrilegious to the hard-core Folkies. Not only were they put down severely at first by *Sing Out!* and *Broadside*, the Bibles of the Guthrie generations, but to some, like Randy Sparks, former leader of the New Christy Minstrels and Back Porch Majority, what they were singing (as ascribed to McGuire's "Eve Of Destruction") was "fodder for the communists." Folk-Rock, such as it was, made the "Folks" uptight.

In light of the former faux-pas, it is suggested that no purist C&W fans listen to *Sweetheart Of The Rodeo*, the Byrds' latest transition. The Yin-Yang cycle of the musical flow continues to hold true. From straight, unamplified Folk, to Folk-Rock, to Rock, to Acid-Rock to semi-C&W-Rock, to affectedly-straight C&W—the next step appears all too obvious. But what we're confronted with at the moment is the current product.

The new Byrds do not sound like Buck Owens & his Buckaroos. They aren't that good. The material they've chosen to record, or rather, the way they perform the material, is simple, relaxed and folksy. It's not pretentious, it's pretty. The musicianship is excellent. (They had to practice before playing the Grand Old Opry.) The songs are, with the exception of the Dylan tracks "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere" and "Nothing Was Delivered," all standard ballads. "Blue Canadian Rockies" is an old Gene Autry tune, "Pretty Boy Floyd" was written by Woody Guthrie, "Life In Prison" is a Merle Haggard number and their arrangements of "The Christian Life" and "I Am A Pilgrim" (not the Merle Travis version) are in the traditional C&W

storytelling vein.

"You Ain't Goin' Nowhere" is the finest cut they've done since "Old John Robertson" on the *Notorious* album. But its really more standard Bob Dylan than standard C&W. Buck Owens or Charlie Pride would never refer to Genghis Khan in a song. (Even Johnny Cash will sound a little silly singing it.)

Dylan has found his corner of C&W to relax in. With "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" he proved he could master any Folk or Rock idiom, and with "Nowhere" — he's identified himself as a valid songwriter in a medium that he'd apparently spurned long ago. The Byrds are gallant interpreters of his lyrics — "My Back Pages" was probably their most genuine effort. The other Dylan-penned track, "Nothing Was Delivered," starts out innocently enough with steel guitar backing, but following the first "are-you-true-to-me" verse it breaks into a rock chorus worthy of Sonny and Cher. It's plain enough otherwise, and does the job.

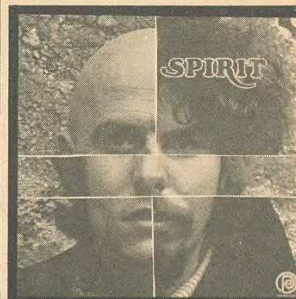
The dedication to simplicity is reflected best on "I Am A Pilgrim," a really sweet song rearranged by Roger (Jim) McGuinn and Chris Hillman. It includes only one minor repeated guitar run and the rest of it is reminiscent of Dylan's uninspired folk-strumming of "The Times They Are A-Changin'" days.

"Blue Canadian Rockies" is a particularly nostalgic track for all old Gene Autry fans. To hear that "the golden poppies are bloomin'/'round the banks of Lake Louise" brings back visions of Ol' Gene and his horse Champion loping along the prairie.

"Rockies" sounds much more honest than their rendering of Merle Haggard's "Life In Prison," a much more citified contemporary song. The Haggard tune sounds too professional, too well laid out and unsympathetic with the plight of the unfortunate guy who murdered his girlfriend. It would be better to listen to Haggard himself do this—it's not that much better but at least it's honest.

The Byrds have made an interesting album. It's really very uninvolved and not a difficult record to listen to. It ought to make the "Easy-Listening" charts. "Bringing it all back home" has never been an easy thing to do.

BARRY GIFFORD



Spirit (Ode Z12 44004)

This is a most uncommon album, one that defies some recent fashions. It's not a frontal assault on the ear-drums, and it's not a Return to Rock and Roll. These musicians use their chops in the most imaginative way possible, yet they don't let the experimental tail wag the rocking dog. They steer a middle course between Art Rock pretensions and Hard Rock phillistinism. If Rock is to progress, and not fossilize, and still remain Rock, it is going to have to make a lot of the choices Spirit has made.

The closer you listen to this album, the more rewarding it gets. Spirit makes use of all the variables available to modern music: in form, style, tone color, dynamics, rhythms, lyric subjects, modes, scales, feelings, everything. They never use the same combination twice. Yet, despite the occasional presence of an orchestra, this record never gets far from the live group sound. This is mainly because the music on it was all worked out in live performance; the recording just captured what was already there.

The record, and my comments on it, may be more meaningful if I de-

scribe the musicians. John Locke (starting at left in the book cover photo) dropped out of UCLA to play jazz piano, and encountered some of the others at one of the Topanga Corral's now-legendary Sunday jam sessions. He wrote or arranged most of the long instrumentals that highlight Spirit's live sets ("Elijah," one of these, is on the album). Mark Andes played bass in many fine rock and blues groups including Canned Heat. His favorite musical occupation is laying down an essential, uncluttered bottom. Mark also wrote the music to "Mechanical World."

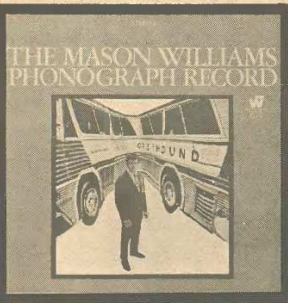
There's few guitar players in rock who utilize the resources of the instrument as completely as Randy California. His range of tone color and dynamics seems to be boundless; in a solo he'll go from volume 1 to 10 and back again. He also has an impeccable harmonic sense, and very fast fingers; yet the total gas about his playing is how emotional it is. Especially when he starts singing and howling into the mike along with himself.

"Fresh Garbage" opens the album with one of the baddest riffs of all time. I'd have to call it the best jazz-rock tune ever done by a rock group. It has a very nice piano solo with tremendous build. In clubs people usually scream when the riff comes back afterward. "Uncle Jack" (with Mark singing) and "Mechanical World" are closer to the rock mainstream. Both have knockout guitar breaks by Randy. "World," a heavyweight piece whose words sum up 1968 rather efficiently, has been Spirit's most popular number.

"Taurus," played by Randy on acoustic guitar (even on stage!) has the feel of a Chopin prelude. Here the orchestra is prominent, but the group is still there, especially at the end. "Girl In Your Eye," a romantic, beguiling song, has a gorgeous variety of California tone colors balanced against a gentle orchestra track; the same is true of "Topanga Windows," a casual piece in blues form. "Straight Arrow" is great comic relief. "Gramophone Man" is another jazz-rock tune, highlighting Cassidy and some very lightfingered jazz guitar runs. "Elijah" preserves an excellent sample of what is for many the group's most exciting bag, free improvisation. "Elijah" is merely a head used (since the group started) to frame solos by the various members. Each soloist is free to play whatever he pleases, in free time or in rhythm; nothing is planned ahead. The others join in when they feel they can add something. By long hours of practice they've really made it work. It really opens up a whole new dimension to improvisation that wasn't there before.

Every listen to Spirit, live or recorded, increases my enthusiasm. I think that will happen with a lot of people.

BARRET HANSEN



The Mason Williams Phonograph Record, Mason Williams (Warner Brothers WS 1729)

The recording debut of Mason Williams is an intriguing affair. *The Mason Williams Phonograph Record* was released many months ago but only recently has it received any attention, primarily due to the fact that one of its cuts, "Classical Gas," is currently a top-selling single. The album is a collection of ideas from a cat who has written seven books and who was the head writer for the *Smothers Brothers Show*. Here he emerges as another in the growing number of non-mainstream composers; not so avant garde as Van Dyke Parks or Randy Newman, more

like Nilsson or even Cat Stevens.

Williams' music is subliminal; one initially has the feeling that one really shouldn't be digging this stuff, but it nevertheless is captivating in a strange way. One reason why is that this music bears a very noticeable resemblance to schlock (Williams has written for such unnotables as Glenn Yarbrough and Claudine Longet). "Here Am I" and "Wanderlove" seem like genuine schlock, but the strongly stated sense of rhythmic constancy evidenced throughout the album, combined with the exceptional vocal maneuvering, disclose them as substantially textured folk ballads. "She's Gone Away," described by Williams as "my Rock Tune," comes on at first like the Turtles doing a Coke commercial, but then it begins to resemble something Nick the Greek might have written for Quicksilver—a simple ditty full of early rock vitality. A minor achievement is "Long Time Blues"; basically a country style piece, it affects the same kind of melancholy tone as "Mr. Bojangles" (dig the violins and piano interplay); a near-perfect fusion of words and music. "The Prince's Panties" is part one of a five-part "Dada Trilogy."

The remainder of the LP consists of three instrumentals. "Classical Gas" is the most ambitious of these, though "Sunflower" has its own acoustic guitar-silence-whistling kind of beauty. In the album notes, explaining why he turned the three songs over to the orchestra and dispensed with vocals, Williams sums up his musical identity fairly well; "Most phonograph records are only what people can do. Singers sing, players play. Well my problem is I can think up more things than I can do." In light of that, he manages to come up with plenty of good ideas. The result, in his first album, is that he displays a lot of potential—in composing and singing.

GENE SCULATTI



Cheap Thrills, Big Brother and the Holding Company (KCS 9700)

Well, it's a real disappointment. After all the hoopla of signing with Columbia, using one of the best producers in the business and the well-spread reviews of dozens of limplimbed and sweaty-brow reviewers who have seen Big Brother and Holding Company in performance, one would expect slightly more than what we have gotten.

The title, *Cheap Thrills*, (shortened from *Dope, Sex and Cheap Thrills*) is an appropriate one, for that is to a great extent what this record has to offer. What this record is not is 1) a well-produced, good rock and roll recording; 2) Janis Joplin at her highest and most intense moments; and 3) better than the Mainstream record issued last year.

The record is a good representation of Big Brother and the Holding Company, as good a one as could have been expected and as good a one as there ever will be. It is also a fair approximation of the San Francisco scene in all its loud, exciting, sloppy glory, and for those who groove to it, the record should be adequate.

John Simon, who was signed to produce the album, but who did not have his name listed as producer, feels that this album is as good as the band and that's about it. In fact, he likes the Mainstream LP better.

The fault here, dear listeners, lies in the stars, not in ourselves.

JOHN HARDIN



Fats Is Back, Fats Domino (Reprise RS 6304)

Just out of the back of the left speaker comes this scratchy, but very hip, piano then at the right speaker it's an old Fats Domino hit ("You made me cry when you said goodbye!") and back and forth between the speakers run the opening riffs of songs — not just "Blueberry Hill" — nearly forgotten.

A voice announces that "Fats is Back," and he is up full with a song called "My Old Friends." From the very beginning, put perfectly in the mood, the album is just fantastic: the production is modern, the mixing superb, and Fats is Fats, better than ever, a remembered, beautifully deep and mellow voice and he's there.

The segue into the next second track, a perfect set of drum triplets, illustrates how precisely, how masterfully and how tastefully the past and present have been combined into this amazing album. The segues are not all; the horn arrangements are contemporary, sometimes a little thick, but good; and the King Curtis solos are superb (King Curtis, after all, being a man who was very much there in the beginning and is still a superb session man, as he is here, as well as a soloist in his own right).

The dominant instrument is the piano, and Fats is a fine piano player. ("Gonna rock it, gonna roll it, till the broad daylight.") The musicians on the session — and this includes the Blossoms who did the vocal back-ups, including a total job on "Lovely Rita" — have done their parts perfectly.

One would really expect that something like this — a new recording by an old artist, long past his time, with a new record company, and during the "rock and roll revival," yet — would inevitably be totally without taste, dull, a tepid rehash at best and a waste of money and time.

But one can be wrong. *Fats Is Back* is unequivocally a fine record in all respects. The closing track on side one is "Lady Madonna," surely as good a cover of a Beatles' song as ever has been done. It's a very logical song to use, "something very simple and catchy" as Fats is quoted as saying in the liner notes. Fats on the grand piano and in his vocal, which is quite excellent, bring a new depth to the song. (The only disturbing thing in this number is the choral and muted horn parts behind Fats on the verses. Otherwise, it is a rendition which must be heard to be believed.)

"Honest Papas Love Their Mamas Better," like nearly everything on this album, has a great rocking shuffle, with a very strong and understated horn section. Listening to collections of oldies and other golden great can only go so far, usually because the production of the record or whatever engineering techniques then available were invariably very thin and just don't hold up on a second or even first listen ten years later. This difficulty simply does not obtain here and the record is not a collection of oldies but a tastefully programmed set.

"One For the Highway (Two for the Road)" recalls the great instrumental figures and techniques of early rock and roll, strong, immediate, swinging music. And, at the same time, it is terribly modern, not just because of the mixing, but because those involved with this recording understood that the values of good 1956 rock and roll are the exact same values of good 1968 rock and roll.

If "One For the Highway" does not illustrate this, then take Fats' version of "Lovely Rita, Meter Maid,"

a totally surprising song to include in this production. But the thing that must be realized, and that is realized here, is that it is not surprising at all: the same things that made rock and roll great then, still make great rock and roll today.

"Lovely Rita" begins with a full soprano chorus, picks up Fats, perfectly suited vocal, a chorded piano melodically equal to the Paul McCartney bass line and a set of maracas doing the double-time. Fats does this song like it should be done; —that is the very simple proof of the viability of it all. And it's just too fucking much when Fats cries out "Nobody but you, Rita."

Everyone involved with this album, not least of all Antoine "Fats" Domino, has done an excellent job. But Richard Perry, the producer, who one assumes to be responsible for the segues, the repertoire, the perfect final fade, the selection of arrangers and so many other aspects, deserves special credit, for Perry, second only to the man himself, has brought Fats back.

JANN WENNER



The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter, The Incredible String Band (Elektra EKS 74021)

The Incredible String Band has a new album on Elektra which could hardly be termed successful, yet it has its points of interest and is even, perhaps, important. Their previous album was frequently compared by the British press (the String Band is British) to Sgt. Pepper. If comparisons must be made with *The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter*, the most valid one would be with *Their Satanic Majesties' Request*. As in *Satanic Majesties*, the String Band is grappling with concepts too large and too advanced for them at this stage of their musical career.

The difficulties with concepts are manifested in lack of tightness and direction in The String Band's singing, lyrics, and instrumentation (as in the Stones' album). Robin Williamson and Mike Heron, who are the String Band (assisted by Dolly Collins in flute organ and piano, David Snell on harp, and Licorne singing and finger cymbals), play a wide variety of eastern and western instruments and they like us to know this in each song. And they both sing and write their material. And arrange it. All of this is just fine when they are dealing with simple, topical ideas in the folk tradition but it tends toward chaos with more difficult ideas.

All of this can be best seen in "Three Is A Green Crown." Musically it lacks direction; it goes nowhere (or everywhere at once). The same can be said for the lyrics; individual lines are usually pretty, but the entire composition is fragmented. The singing doesn't help much; both Williamson and Heron delight in changing one syllable into three or four. This song, like most of the album, is simply too muddled to be very enjoyable.

Several of the songs are quite successful and enjoyable and show where the String Band should be at. The best of these is "Minotaur's Song," it is simple (but not inane), accessible, sharply satirical (but gently so) and beautifully performed.

Heron and Williamson are superb musicians working within the folk idiom; on this album they apparently forgot it (with a few notable exceptions as "The Minotaur's Song") and left folk music for something else. Unfortunately they didn't know where they were going. When the Vanilla Fudge does that, it doesn't matter much but it is sad when a band like the Incredible String Band does.

JAMES POMEROY

Burdon: 'Anything That Gets You High'

—Continued from Page 6

struments and a mundane conversation between English workmen. The album was produced by the band, Tom Wilson having gone on to other things. It is not a collector's "must."

As shy and uptight as Burdon was in 1964 when "House of the Rising Sun" was a hit, even then he was outspoken. He is no less honest today, and some of the things he says are the sort that send record biz execs running for drink.

About drugs and booze: "I usually don't go on stage unless I am stoned out of me head. Or after drinking half a bottle of scotch, I've decided there's nothing like dope . . . booze . . . meditation . . . anything to get high."

About his record company: "Stanley Kubrick gets \$15 million and doesn't have to show one foot of film to MGM for three weeks, and I can't get them to put a billboard on the Strip to advertise me records."

About London: "The whole city has gone homosexual. All me friends have gone bent. They're freaking out . . . looking for something to do, I guess."

Burdon made several small speeches in a short period of time. There was no uptightness, no matter how strong the opinions. The man had been relaxed. He grinned when he talked. He was, like too many others in his field, talking too much about film and paying too little attention to music. But he was exceptionally likeable.

"Meanwhile," he said, finishing one of his small speeches, "it's off to Portland for a gig. We are but strolling minstrels."

Also meanwhile (and a week following the interview) two of his guitarist-bass players, Vic Briggs and Danny McCulloch, left the group. Briggs was replaced by Andy Somers, formerly with the Soft Machine and Zoot Money's group before Money joined the Animals. McCulloch, who already has cut an album with a new group, has not been replaced.

Correspondence:

—Continued from Page 3

lack of knowledge about modern blues styles. Just how are these musicians to be considered Wolf's disciples? What have they copied from him—style, material, vocal and instrumental licks, etc.? What?

Peter Chatman, whom Gifford correctly identifies as Memphis Slim in paragraph 8, was not one of the Chatman brothers who comprised the group the Mississippi Sheiks. This gratuitous bit of misinformation is Gifford's contribution solely.

In paragraph 9, the personnel of Wolf's first band (formed in 1948) is correct with one exception: "Willie Johnson" (not "Willie John" as the article states) is the correct name of Wolf's lead guitarist. In paragraph 11 it is asserted that Wolf left his band in Memphis when he moved to Chicago in 1952 because he "thought he'd have a better chance on his own." Not so. Wolf wanted very much to take the band with him; the members of the group were timid about leaving secure jobs in Memphis for the uncertainty of job opportunities in Chicago. He tried several times to have them join him there, but they stayed on in Memphis. Wolf was finally able to get Willie Johnson to make the trip north, and he worked with him in Chicago.

"Sittin' on Top of the World," incidentally, was originally associated with the Mississippi Sheiks—and in fact was their best known recording—and this is where Wolf learned it. He did not write it.

Why didn't you just republish the Down Beat interview? It is at least accurate. And, I hope, responsible.

PETE WELDING
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

Imagine it to be 1980. Mississippi John Hurt's grandson, having worked for three years as a paperboy in his home town, goes down to the local pawn shop and buys a Fender guitar and amp outfit. With the six dollars that he has left over he buys a rare copy of a Ventures L.P. called *Surfin' Along With Murph the Surf*. He proceeds to go up to his room and learn the entire record, particularly the tasteful guitar breaks and beautiful humming bits like Ooo-shoo-shoo-ah-shoo. After two weeks he has it down cold. Proud as any young man would be with such an esoteric repertoire he puts an ad in the town paper which reads: *Needed. Drummer and bass player to complete avant-garde group. Please, no funky or down-home musicians need reply.*

Within two months, the group is ready to get gigs. Audition after audition brings them many managerial, recording and work offers. The young people are wowed by this new sound. Skip Hurt's group is where it's at. An era of black surf music is ushered in. The bills in the dance halls around the country read something like:

FRIDAY . . . JULY 1, 2, 3
SKIP HURT AND THE TWANGS
playing memorable hits
WHITE SNOW IN THE MOUNTAIN
AQUA RAIN IN MY HEART
DON'T DROP BUTTS IN THE
SAND BLUES
also appearing:

Blues Boy King—Annette Funicello

As a money-making endeavor, the Ventures get dug up from beneath a sand dune, and Murray the K comes out of retirement to bring together the old and the new. The Cow Palace runs a benefit for ethnic music including such notables as the aforementioned Ventures, Pat Boone, the Seeds and Blue Cheer. Graying temples and outdated modes of dress characterize the headliners. Most of the audience eagerly awaits the arrival of the Twangs, Little Sister and the Droppings, and the Junkies, a local group noted for doing guitar slides with No. 22 needles. The audience goofs on camp sounds like Thrid Stone from the Sun. Far and above the influx of the old sound, black surf is the happening sound. It is an outgrowth of nature. The Hudson River is black surf.

LARRY BIRNBACH
NEW YORK CITY

SIRS:

My compliments (whatever their value), on publishing a creatively sophisticated honest piece of musical journalism. To borrow a few words from the Jann Wenner article, Rolling Stone Magazine marks "the formal end to all the pretentious, non-literary, boring, etc., etc. . . . worthless stuff that has been tolerated during the past year. . . ."

Since I harbour a deep affection for the Stones I found the review of their new album enlightening and well-written, although I thought I thought it was a bit unfair of Jann to treat their last LP so harshly. I'll go far enough to say that while it wasn't their best it can hardly be termed "disastrous." The pictures and artwork through your magazine excel.

CHRIS B. NOWAK
SANTA CLARA

for jackie

remember how socrates trundled his perceptions to the marketplace each morning and then refused to sell any: it seems anyone can play the blues these days or some facsimile; it's tiring even to wake up in one woman's arms and fall asleep in another's.

JERROLD GREENBERG



Grace Slick

Airplane and Doors Fly to Europe

Two of America's "super groups," the Jefferson Airplane and the Doors, leave this month (August) and next for their first tour of Europe.

The Airplane leaves Aug. 22nd for a first date in Stockholm and then will be appearing in Copenhagen, Frankfurt, Hamburg and London.

The Doors leave Sept. 2nd for London, where they will meet the Airplane and Head Lights for a joint appearance. They then go on to Frankfurt, Brussels, Stockholm and Copenhagen, following the track of the Airplane.

Other gigs are to be announced and both groups will do TV shows in London and Belgium.

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SAN FRANCISCO AREA

ROCK/SOUL SINGER on the make with flexible voice would groove with imaginative group forming in Bay Area. Tom, CA 9-4127, P.O. Box 27281, San Francisco.

RHYTHMIC WIZARD bass needed by original rock group—must sing. Call Dave, 841-2379, Berkeley.

VERY EXPERIENCED rock tenor/flute player wants to join or start group. Call Jerry, 681-4001, San Francisco.

GOOD LEAD guitarist, dynamic style and ideas, digs Jeff Beck, Jimmy Page, Mick Taylor, seeks group with power and aggressiveness. Own Les Paul, no amp. Mike Reed, 1997 Oak St., No. 1, San Francisco.

WORKING, RECORDING band needs permanent pianist experienced in many bases, must sing and double on keyboard bass. Call Notes from the Underground, 549-1782 or 527-3654, Berkeley.

DRUMMER, SIX YEARS' experience, available to join creative rock, jazz or blues band. (415) 454-8615, Fairfax.

LOS ANGELES AREA

SAX, FLUTE wants to work with heavy quality rock group using horns. Some piano, organ, writing. Will start new group with right people. Van, (213) 664-5620, Los Angeles.

NEW YORK - CONNECTICUT

RHYTHM GUITARIST needed—must be hip, not overweight, have ideas, sing and harmonize, for versatile rock, blues group. Call (212) 383-1686, New York.

EXPERIENCED LEAD guitarist needed, 15-19 years old; must sing, play rock/soul/blues. No shittin' around, very serious. Call Vinny, WA 1-8163, or Phil, ED 3-4135, vicinity of Hicksville, L.I., New York.

PROFESSIONAL BLUES bass looking to join well-established blues group, pref. with horn section. No hangups, will travel. Call George Laird, (212) CI 6-9100, ext. 1710 (after 7:00)—319 West 48th Street, room 1710, New York.

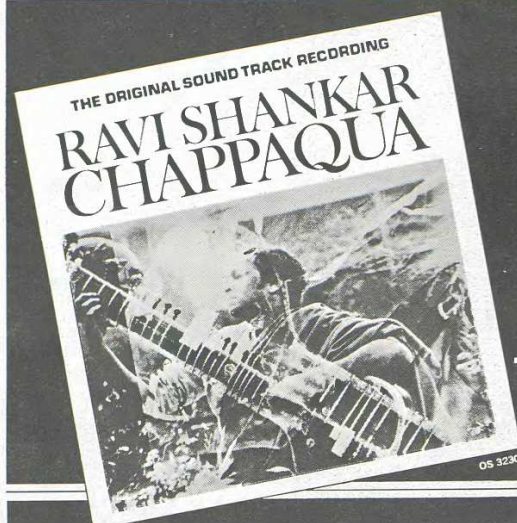
DYNAMITE GIRL singer wanted for well-known NY rock band with recording contract. Call (212) CI 7-6040 or 663-0314, New York.

BOSTON - CAMBRIDGE

SINGER/SONGWRITER, tenor voice, seeks work with rock group that has chick singer. Call Tom, 648-2153, Boston.

SOUTHERN STATES

BRASS/WOODWIND/STRINGS, must be young and good, wanted for session men on rock band's first LP. 45, August after. Many new ideas—Rafe Rivas, 4766 Alton Road, Miami Beach, Florida.



The Original Sound Track Recording Ravi Shankar "CHAPPAQUA"

Conrad Rooks' autobio film
starring himself and
Jean-Louis Barrault/William S. Burroughs
Ornette Coleman/Allen Ginsberg
Paula Pritchett/Swami Satchidananda

Rooks on the film:

"All I tried to do was create the psychic reality of what has happened so that it was believable to me. If it was believable to me it would immediately induce a state in the audience very similar to the state I was in. The strange part about it was that psychologically I blew up again. I got exactly the way I was when I was on drugs even though I was taking nothing."

Rooks on Shankar:

"He must be nearly 50. His fingers are absolutely bent from hours of practice and the callouses on them are unbelievable. He is an extraordinary man with a talent which I doubt I would find anywhere else. He would create music to the absolute segment of the picture. We would project it on a big screen and he would sit there with the musicians. He cannot read music, so we had to

hire a young guy to write it down —Shankar would hum the tune and the guy would write it down. Then we'd pass it out to the musicians and they'd play it. It fit just like building blocks. "He started before we had finished. Out of the ideas I got from him in terms of the music, I created more of the film from them. In other words, he was showing me the way to go, so why not go that way?"

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SEPTEMBER 13	SEPTEMBER 14	SEPTEMBER 15
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